

POEMS,
CHARACTERS,
AND
LETTERS.

2. 13. 114

By I. C.

John Cleveland

WITH
ADDITIONS
Never before printed.

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TO THE
STATE of LOVE.

OR,

The Senses Festival.

Saw a Vision yesternight,
Enough to tempt a *Seekers* sight:
wist my self a *Shaker* there,
and her quick pulse my trembling sphear.
t was a She so glittering bright:
You'd think her soul an *Adamite*.
A person of so rare a frame,
Her body might be lin'd with 'same.
Beauties chiefest Maid of Honour:
You may break Lent with looking on her.
Not the fair Abbess of the skies,
With all her Nunnery of eyes,
Can shew me such a glorious prize.
And yet becaus', 'tis more renown
to make a shadow shine, she's brown;
A Brown, for which, heaven would disband
The Galaxy, and stars be tann'd.
Brown by reflection, as her eye
Dazels the Summers livery.

A

Old

POEMS.

Old dormant windows must confesse,
Her beams their glimmering spectacles;
Struck with the spendour of her face,
Do th'office of a burning glasse.

Now where such radiant lights have shown,
No wonder if her cheeks be grown
Sun-burnt with lustre of her own.
My sight took pay, but (thank my charms)
I now empale her in mine arms.

(Loves compasses) confining you
Good Angels to a circle too.

Is not the Universe strait-lac't,
When I can clasp it in the waste?
My amorous foulds about her hurl'd,
VVith *Drake*, I compass in the world.
I hoop the Firmament, and make,
This my embrace the Zodiack.

How would the Center take my sense,
When admiration doth commence!

At the extreme circumference!

Now to the melting kisse that slips
The jelly'd Philtre of her lips
So sweet, there is no tongue can phras't.
Till transubstantiate with a taste,
Inspir'd like *Mabomet* from above,
By th'billing of my heav'nly Dove;
Love prints her Signets in her smacks,
Those ruddy drops of squeezing wax;
Which, wheresoever she imparts,
They're Privy Seals to take up hearts.

Our mouths encountring at the sport,
My slippery soul had quit the fort,
Had she not stop't the Salley-port.

Next to those sweets her lips dispence,
 As twin conserves of eloquence;
 The sweet perfume her breath affords;
 Incorporating with her words;
 No Rosaty this Votessie needs,
 Her very syllables are beads.
 No sooner 'twixt those Rubies born,
 But Jewels are in Ear-rings worn.
 With such delight her speech doth enter,
 'Tis a Kiss o'th' second venter.

And I dissolve at what I hear,
 As if another *Rosomond* were
 Couch'd in the Labyrinth of my ear.
 Yet, that's but a preludious blisse;
 Two souls pickearing in a kisse.
 Embraces do but draw the line,
 'Tis storming that must take her in.
 When bodies twine, and victorie hovers
 Twixt the equal fluttering lovers
 This is the game, make stakes my dear,
 Heark how the sprightly *Chanticleere*,
 That Baron *Tell-clock* of the night,
 ounds *Boota sella* to *Cupids* knight.
 Then have at all, the passe is got,
 For comming off, oh name it not:
 Who would not die upon the spot!

The HECATOMB

To his

MISTRESSE.

BE dumb ye beggers of the rhiming trade,
 Geld the loose wits, and let the Muse be spaid,
 Charge not the Parish with the bastard phrase
 Of Balm, Elixar, both the Indias.
 Of shrine, saint, sacrilege, and such as these
 Expressions, common as their Mistresses.
 Hence ye fantastick Postillers in song,
 My text defeats your Art, ties natures tongue,
 Scorns all its tinsil'd metaphors of pelf,
 Illustrated by nothing but her self,
 As Spiders travel by their bowels spun
 Into a thred, and when the race is run,
 Wind up their journey in a living clew,
 So is it with my Poetry and you.
 From your own essence must I first untwine,
 Then twist again each Panegyrick line.
 Reach then a soaring quill that I may write,
 As with a Jacobs staff to take the height.
 Suppose an Angel darting through the air,
 Should there encounter a religious prayer
 Mounting to heaven, that intelligence
 Should for a Sunday-suit thy breath condense
 Into a body. Let me crack a string
 In ventring higher; were the note I sing
 Above Heavens *E/a*, should I undecline,
 And with a deep mouth'd *Gammut* sound agen.
 From pole to pole, I could not reach her worth,
 Nor find an Epithet to shadow't forth.

Metalls

Metals! may blazon common beauties, - She
 Make pearl and planets humble herauldry.
 As then a purer substance is defin'd,
 But by a heap of Negatives combin'd;
 Ask what a spirit is, you'll hear them cry
 It hath no matter, no mortality:
 So can I not define how sweet, how fair,
 Only I say she's not as others are.
 For what perfections we to others grant
 It is her sole perfection to want.
 All other forms seem in respect to thee
 The Almanacks mishap'd Anatomy,
 Where *Aries* head and face; *Bull* neck and throat;
 The *Scorpion* gives the secrets; knees, the *Goat*:
 A brief of limbs foul as those beasts, or are
 Their name-sak'd signs in their strange character.
 As the Philosophers to every sence
 Mary it's object, yet with some dispence,
 And grant them a Polygamie with all,
 And these their *common Sensibles* they call;
 So it's with her, who stinted unto none,
 Unites all Sences in each action.
 The same beam heats and lights; to see her well,
 Is both to hear and feel, to taste and smell.
 For can you want a palate in your eyes,
 When each of hers contains a double prize,
Venus her apple? can the eyes want nose, (*Rose*?
 When from each cheek buds forth a fragrant
 Or can the sight be deaf, if she but speak,
 A well-tun'd face such moving Rhetorick?
 Doth not each look a flash of light'ning feel
 Which spares the bodies sheath, & melts the steel.
 Thy soul must needs confess, or grant thy sence
 Corrupted with the objects excellence.

Sweet Magick, which can make five senses lye
 Conjur'd within the circle of an eye,
 In whom since all the five are intermixt,
 Oh now that *Scalliger* would prove his fixt I
 Thou man of mouth that canst not name a She
 Unlesse all nature pay a Subsidy,
 Whose language is a tax, whose Musk-cat verse
 Voids nought but flowers for thy Muses herse,
 Fitter than *Celia's* looks who in a trice
 Canst state the long disputed Paradise:
 And what Divines hunt with so cold a sent,
 Canst in her bosome find it resident.
 Now come aloft, come, come, and breath a vein,
 And give some vent unto thy daring strain.
 Say the *Astrologer*, who spels the stars,
 In that fair Alphabet reads peace and wars,
 Mistakes his Globe, and in her brighter eye
 Interprets heavens Phvisiognomy.
 Call her the *Metaphysicks* of her Sex.
 And say she tortures wits, as *Quartans* vex
 Physicians: call her the *Square circle*; say
 She is the very rule of *Algebra*.
 What e're you indertake not say't of her,
 For that's the way to write her Character.
 Say this and more; and when thou hop'st to raise
 Thy fanisie so as to inclose her praise,
 Alas poor *Gotham* with thy Coockeo hedge,
Hyperboles are here but sacrilege.
 Then roul up muse, what thou hast ravel'd out,
 Somt comments clear-not, but inctease the doubt.
 She that affords poor mortals not a glance
 Of knowledge, but is kuown by Ignorance;
 She that commits a Rape on every sense,
 Whose Breath can countermand a Pestilence.

She

She that can strike the best invention dead,
Till baffled Poetry hangs down her head,
She, she it is, she that contains all blisse,
And makes the world but her Periphrasis.

*Upon Sir Thomas Martin, Who sub-
scribed a Warrant thus,*

*We the Knights and Gentlemen of the committee, &c.
When there was no Knight but himself.*

HAng out a flag, and gather pence apiece
(Which *Africk* never bred, nor swelling
With stories timpany) a beast so rare (*Greece*
No *Lecturers* wrought cap, *Bartlemew* fair
Can't match him; natures Whimsey, one outvies
Tredeskin and his ark of Novelties.

The *Gig* and *Magoz* of prodigious flights
With reverence to your eyes, *Sir Thomas Knights* !
But is this bigamy of titles due ?

Are you *Sir Thomas* and *Sir Martin* too ?

Isachar couchant 'twixt a brace of Sirs,
Thou Knighthood in a pair of Paniers. (ther,
Thou that look'st wrapt up in thy warlike lea-
Like *Vallentine* and *Orson* bound together,
Spurs representative ! thou that art able
To be a *Voider* to King *Arthurs Table* :
Who in this sacrilegious masse of all
It seems hast swallowed *windsors* Hospitall.
Pair-royal headed *Cerberus* his Cozen :
Hercules labours were a Bakers dozen,

Had he but trumpt on thee, whose forked neck
 Might well have answer'd at the Font for *Smect*
 But can a Kuighthood on a Knighthood lye?
 Metal on Metal is ill Armony.
 And yet the known *Godfrey* of *Bullion's* coat
 Shines in exception to the Heraulds vote.
 Great spirits move not by pedantick laws,
 Their actions though eccentrick, state the cause,
 And *Priscian* bleeds with honour: *Cesar* thus
 Subscribes two Consuls with one *Julius*.
Tom never oaded Squire, scarce Yeoman high,
 Is *Tom* twice dipt Knight of a double dy?
 Fond man! whose fate is in his name betray'd,
 It is the setting Sun double his shade;
 But its no matter, for *Amphibious* he
 May have a Knight hang'd, yet Sir *Tom* go free.

*On the memory of Mr. Edward King,
 drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

I Like not tears in tune, nor do I prize
 His artificial grief who scans his eyes,
 Mine weep down pious heads, but why should I
 Confine them to the Muses Rosary?
 I am no poet here; my pen's the spout
 Where the Rain-water of mine eyes run out
 In pity of that Name, whose fate we see
 Thus copi'd out in griet's Hydrography:
 The Muses are not Mermaids, though upon
 His death the Ocean might turn *Helicon*.
 The Sea's too rough for verse; who rhimes upon't
 With *Xerxes* strives to fetter th' *Hellepont*.

My

My tears will keep no chanel, know no laws
 To guide their streams; but (like the waves their
 Run with disturbance, til they swallow me (cause)
 As a description of his misery.
 But can his spacious vertue find a grave
 Within th'impostum'd bubble of a wave?
 Whose learning if we found, we must confesse
 The sea but shallow, and him bottomlesse.
 Could not the winds to countermand thy death
 With their whole card of Lungs redeem thy
 Or some new Island in thy rescue peep (breath?)
 To heave thy resurrection from the deep?
 That so the world might see thy safety wrought,
 With no lesse wonder than thy self was thought.
 The famous *Stagyrite*, who in his life
 Had nature as familiar as his wife,
 Bequeath'd his Widow to survive with thee
 Queen Dowager of all Philosophy:
 An ominous Legacy that did portend
 Thy fate and Predecessors second end:
 Some have affirm'd, that what on earth we find,
 The sea can parallel in shape, and kind:
 Books, arts and tongues were wanting, but in
Nep:une hath got an University. (thee
 We'l dive no more for pearls, the hope to see
 Thy sacred reliques of mortality (prize
 Shall welcome storms, and make the Sea-man
 His shipwrack now more than his merchandize.
 He shall embrace the waves, and to thy tomb
 As to a *Royaller-Exchange* shall come.
 VVhat can we now expect? water and fire,
 Both elements our ruine do conspire:
 And that dissolves us, which doth us compound;
 One *Vatican* was burnt, another drow'd,

We of the Gown our Libraries must tосse,
 To understand the greatneſſe of our loſſe,
 Be pupils to our grief, and ſo much grow
 In learning, as our ſorrows overflow.
 When we have fill'd the Rundlets of our eyes,
 VVe'l iſſue't forth, and vent ſuch Elegies;
 As that our tears ſhall ſeem the *Irish* ſeas,
 VVe ſtoring Iſlands, living *Hebrides*.

*Another to the Memory of Mr. Edward
 King, Drown'd in the Irish Seas.*

(ſphere
VVhiſt *Phæbus* ſhines within our Hemi-
 There are no Stars, or at leaſt none appear
 Did not the Sun go hence we ſhould not know
 VWhether there were a Night, or ſtars, or no.
 Till thou laid'ſt down upon thy VVeſtern Bed,
 Not one Poetick ſtar durſt ſhew its Head.
Athenian Owles fear'd to come forth in Verſe,
 Untill thy Fall darkned the Universe;
 Thy Death makes Poets, mine eyes flow for thee,
 And every Tear ſpeaks a dumb Elegy,
 Now the proud Sea (grown richer than the Land)
 Doth ſtrive for place, and claim the upper Hand,
 And yet an equal loſſe the Sea ſuſtains,
 If it loſe alwaies, but as much as't Gains;
 Yet we who had the happineſſe to know
 Thee what thou waſt, oh were it with us So,
 T' enjoy thee ſtill, and uſe thy precious Name,
 As a Perfume to ſweeten our own Fame.
 The Night (Cloſe Mourner for the ſetting Sun)
 Bedews her Cheeks with tears when he is gon,
 To th'

To th' other VWorld: so we lament and weep
 Thy sad untimely fall; who by the Deep (crown'd
 Didst climb to th' highest Heavens; where being
 A King, in after times t'will scarce be found
 Whether (thy life and death being without Taint)
 Thou wert *Edward* the Confessor, or Saint.

Upon an
 HERMAPHRODITE.

Sir, or Madam, choose you whether,
 Nature 'twists you both together:
 And makes thy soul two garbs confesse,
 Both petticoat and breeches dresse.
 Thus we chastise the God of Wine
 With water that is feminine,
 Untill the cooler Nymph abate
 His wrath, and so con corporate.
Adam till his rib was lost,
 Had both sexes thus ingross.
 When providence our Sire did cleave,
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
 Then did man 'bout wellock treat:
 To make his body up compleat:
 Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thee*
 In a grave solemnity.
 For man and wife make but one right
 Canonical *Hermaphrodite*.
 Ravel thy body, and I'll find
 In every limb a double kind.
 Who would not think that head apair
 That breeds such factions in the hair?

One half so churlish in the touch ,
 That rather than indure so much ,
 I would my tender limbs apparel,
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrel :
 But the other half so small,
 And so amorous withall ,
 That *Cupid* thinks each hair doth grow
 A string for his invis'ble bow.
 VWhen I look babies in thine eyes,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noon ,
 Thy Orb contains both Sun and Moon.
 How many melting kisses skip
 Twixt thy Male and Female lip ?
 Twixt thy upper brush of hair
 And thy neither beards despair ?
 VWhen thou speak'st , I would not wrong
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue;
 But in every single sound,
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another;
 This the sister, that the brother.
 VWhen thou joyn'st hands , my ear still fancies
 The Nuptial sound, I *John* take *Frances* :
 Feel but the difference, soft , and rough,
 This a Gantlet, that a Muff :
 Had sly *Ulysses* at the sack
 Of *Troy* brought thee his Pediers pack,
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nichomedes* *Phyllis*,
 His plot had fail'd; this hand would feel
 The needle, that the warlike steel.
 VWhen musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right leg takes thy left to dance,

For is't a Galliard danc'd by one,
 But a mixt dance, though all alone :
 Thus every heteroclite part
 Changes its gender, not thy heart.
 Say, those which modestly can mean,
 And dare not speak, are Epicœne ;
 That gamester needs must overcome,
 That can play both *Tib* and *Tom* ,
 Thus did Natures mintage vary,
 Coining thee a *Philip* and *Mary*.

The Authours

HERMAPHRODITE.

*Made after Mr. Randolph's death, yet inserted
 into his Poems.*

Probleme of Sexes ; must thou likewise be
 As disputable in thy Pedigree :
 Thou twins-in one, in whom Dame Nature tries,
 To throw less than Aums ace upon two Dice :
 Ver't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
 To split thy Sire into a double Father ?
 True, the worlds scales are even : what the Main
 In one place gets, another quits again.
 Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
 Ice thee in two, to keep her number just :
 Plurality of livings is thy state ;
 And therefore mine must be improprie.
 For since the child is mine, and yet the claim
 Intercepted by anothers name,
 Never did steeple carry double truer,
 As is the donative, and mine the cure.

Then

Then say my muse (and without more dispute)
 Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.
 The *Theban* Wittall, when he once decries,
Jove is his rivall, falls to sacrifice;
 That name hath tip't his horns: see on his knees
 A health to *Hans-en-Kelder Hercules*.
 Nay sublunary cuckolds are content
 To entertain their fate with complement;
 And shall not he be proud, whom *Randolph* daign
 To quarter with his Muse both arms and brains?
 Grammercy Gossip, I rejoyce to see
 Thou'st got a leap of such a Barbary.
 Talk not of horns, horns are the Poets crest;
 For since the muses left their former nest,
 To found a *Nunnery* in *Randolph's* quill,
 Cuckold *Parnassus* is a forked hill.

But stay, I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirs,
 And brings the worms for his compurgators.
 Can Ghosts have naturall sons? say *Obb*, is't meet
 Penance bear date after the winding sheet?
 Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kind
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
 I would disclaim my right, and that it were
 The lawfull issue of his ashes, swear.
 But was he dead? did not his soul translate
 Her self into a shop of lesser rate?
 Or break up house, as an expensive Lord,
 That gives his purse a fob, and lives at board?
 Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp, (imp
 And still there's hopes 't may prove his barstard
 But I'me prophane; For grant the world had one
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one, yet like an Eagle spread,
 I'ch'body joyn'd but parted in the head,

For you my brat, that pose the Porph'ry Chair,
 I hope *John*, or *Joan*, or whatsoe're you are,
 You are a nephew, grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.
 Man cannot get a man unless the Sun
 Club to the act of generation.
 The Sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joynt fathers of this Poetry. (mine
 or since (blest shade) this verse is male, but
 Of th' weaker Sex, a fancy feminine; (ter,
 Wee'l part the child, and yet commit no slaughter
 So shall it be thy son and yet my daughter.

Square Cap.

Come hither *Apollo's* bouncing Girl,
 And in a whole *Hippocrene* of Sherry
 Let's drink a round till our brains do whirl,
 Tuning our pipes to make our selves merry;
 Cambridge-Ladle, *Venus*-like, born of the froth
 Of an old half-fill'd Jug of barley broth,
 She, she's my Mistress, her Suters are many,
 But shee'l have a square-cap if ere she have any.

And first for the Plush-sake the *Monmoth-cap* comes,
 Shaking his head like an empty bottle,
 With his new fangled oath, By *Jupiters thumbs*,
 That to her health hee'l begin a pottle:
 He tells her that after the death of his Grannam,
 He shall have -- God knows what *per annum*:
 But still she replies, good Sir, La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, Square-cap for me.

Then

Then Calot *Leather-cap* strongly pleads,
 And fain would derive the pedigree of fashion;
 The *Antipodes* wear their shoes on their heads,
 And why may not we in their imitation?
 Oh, how this foot-ball noddle would please,
 If it were but well tost on *S. Thomas* his Lees.
 But still she repli'd, good Sir La bee,
 If ever I have a man; *Square-cap* for me.

Next comes the Puritan in a *wrought Cap*,
 With a long wasted conscience towards a sister,
 And making a Chapell of ease of her lap,
 First he said grace, and then he kist her.
 Belov'd, quoth he, thou art my Text
 Then falls he to Use and Application next:
 But then she replied, your Text (Sir) I'll be,
 For then I'm sure you'll ne'r handle me.

But see where *Satten-cap* scouts about, (marry:
 And fain would this wench in his fellowship
 He told her how such a man was not put out,
 Because his wedding he closely did carry.
 Hee'l purchase Induction by Simony,
 And offers her money her Incumbent to be.
 But still she replied, good Sir La-bee,
 If ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

The Lawyers a Sophister by his *Round-cap*,
 Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
 The one Milks the pocket, the other the rap,
 And yet this wench he fain would have bridged.
 Come leave these thred-bare Scholars, quoth he,
 And give me Livery and seisin of thee;
 But peace *John-a-Nokes*, and leave your oration,
 For I never will be your impropriation.
 I pray you therefore, good Sir La-bee;
 For if ever I have a man, *Square-cap* for me.

Upon PHILLIS walking in
*a Morning before Sun-
rising.*

THe sluggish morn, as yet undrest ,
My Phillis brake from out her East ;
As if thee'd made a match to run
With Phosphor, Usher to the Sun.
The Trees, like Yeomen of her guard,
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Sank'd on each side with loyal duty,
Wave branches to inclose her beauty ;
The plants, whose luxury was lopt ,
Or Age with crutches under-propt ,
Whose wooden karkasses are grown
To be but Coffins of their own ,
Revive, and at her generall dole
Each receives his antient soul.
The winged Choristers began
To chirp their Mattins : and the Fan
Of whistling winds, like Organs, plaid ,
Intill their Voluntaries made
The wak'ned earth in odours rise
To be her morning-Sacrifice.
The flowers call'd out of their beds ,
Start and raise up their drowsie heads ,
And he that for their colour seeks ,
May find it Vaulting in her cheeks ,
Where roses mix : no civill war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The Marigold, whose Courtiers face
Echoes the Sun, and doth unlace

Her -

Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs, and shuts up her gawdy shop ;
 Mistakes her kne, and doth display :
 Thus *Phillis* antidates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sun ,
 Who thinking that his Kingdom's won ,
 Powders with light his frizled locks ,
 To see what *Saints* his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he plaid ,
 Dapling the walk with light and shade,
 Like lattice windows, give the spy
 Room but to peep with half an eye ,
 Lest her full Orb his sight should dim ,
 And bids us all good night in him ,
 Till she would spend a gentle ray,
 To force us a new-fashion'd day,

But what religious *Palsie's* this,
 Which makes the boughs divest their blisse ?
 And that they might her footsteps straw ,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (lest her stay
 Should wed October unto May ;
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring ,
 Devotion might an Autumn bring)
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night :
 But left the Sun her Curate-light.

Upon

Upon a M I S E R that made
a great feast, and the next day
died for grief.

N Or scapes he so : our dinner was so good ,
 My Liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cud :
 And what delight she took i'th' invitation ,
 Strives to tast o're again in this relation .

After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* richme ,
 Not for devotion, but to take up time ,
 March'd the train'd-band of dishes usher'd there,
 To shew their postures, and then *as they were*.

For he invites no teeth , perchance the eye

He will afford the lovers gluttony,

This feast is but a Muster not a fight,

Our weapons not for service, but for fight.

But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat

Cook'd by a Limner, for to view, not eat ?

Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup

On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.

Whatever feasts be made are summ'd up here ,

His table vyes not standing with his chear.

His Churchings, Christnings, in this meal are all,

And not transcrib'd, but in th' Originall.

Christmas is no feast moveable: for lo

The self-same dinner wat ten years ago ;

Twill be immortall, if it longer stay ,

The Gods will eat it for Ambrosia.

But stay a while, unlessse my whinyard fail

Or is enchanted, I'll cut off th' intail.

Saint George for *England* then, have at thy mutton,

When the first cut calls me blood-thirsty glutton.

What

What *Ajax* with his anger-quodl'd brain
 Killing a sheep, thought *Agamemnon* slain,
 The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his
 I lamentably butcher up mine host :
 Such sympathy is with his meat, my weapon
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon
 Cut a Goose-leg, and the poor soul for moan
 Turns Creple too, and after stands on one.

Have you not heard th'abominable sport
 A *Lancaster* Grand-Jury will report ?
 The Souldier with his Morglay watcht the Mill
 The Cats they came to feast, when lusty *Will*
 Whips off great Puffles leg, which by some char
 Proves the next day such an old Womans arm :
 'Tis so with him, whose karkasse never scapes,
 But still we slash it in a thousand shapes :
 Our Serving-men like Spaniels range, to spring
 The fowl which he hath clockt under his wing
 Should he on *widgeon* and on *woodcock* teed,
 It were (*Thyestes* like) on his own breed.
 To Pork he pleads a superstition due,
 But not a mouth is muzzled by the Jew.
 Since we should have none, had he his wish,
 The Oranges, ieth' margent of the dish,
 He Huckster-like so tells them o're and o're,
 Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watcht them more.

But being eaten now, into despair,
 Having nought else to do, he falls to prayer.
 As thou didst once put on the form of Bull,
 And turn'st thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
 Defend my rump great *Jove*, grant this poor bief
 May live to comfort me in all this grief :
 But no *Amen* was said : See, see it comes,
 Draw boys, let trumpets sound, and strike updrums.

e how his blood doth with the gravy swim,
 and every trencher has a limb of him. (deeper,
 the Ven'sons now in view, our hounds spend
 range Deer, which in the Pasty hath a keeper
 stricter than in the Park, making his guest
 As he had stoln't alive) to steal it drest:
 he scent was hot, and we pursuing faster,
 when *Ov ds* pack of dogs ere chac'd their Master,
 double prey at once we seize upon,
Heon and his Case of venison.
 Thus was he torn alive, To vex him worse,
 Death serves him up now as a second course.
 Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodies eat,
 He would have liv'd only to save his meat.

A Young man to an old Woman
courting him.

Peace Beldam *Eve*, succease thy sute;
 Ther's no temptation in such fruit.
 o rotten Medlers, whilst there be
 Whole Orchards in virginity.
 thy stock is too much out of date
 or tender plants t' inoculate,
 match with thee thy Bridegroom fears,
 Would be thought int'rest in his years.
 Which when compar'd to thine, become
 Odd money to thy Grandam sum,
 an Wedlock know so great a curse
 s putting husbands out to Nurse?
 ow *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
 and cry new Almanacks for our sake?

Time

Time sure hath wheel'd about his year,
December meeting Jani-veer.

Th' Egyptian Serpent figures time,
 And stript, returns unto his Prime :

If my affection thou would'st win,
 First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.

My modern lips know not (alack)

The old Religion of thy smack.

I count that primitive imbrace,

As out of fashion as thy face.

And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,

Thy fornications classicall.

Our sports will differ : thou may'st play,
Leero, and I Alphonso way.

I'me no Translator; have no vein

To turn a woman young again ;

Unlesse you'l grant the Tailor's due,

To see the fore-bodies be new :

I love to wear cloaths that are hush,

Not prefacing old rags with plush :

Like Aldermen, or Monster-Shirreves,

With canvas backs, and velvet sleeves.

And just such discord there would be

Betwixt thy skeleton and me.

Go study salve and treacle, ply

Your tenants leg, or his fore eye ;

Thus Matrons purchase credit, thank

Six penni-worth of Mountebank :

Or chew thy cood on some delight

Thou tookest in thy *Eighty Eight*.

Or be but bed-rid once, and then

Thou'lt dream thy youthfull fies agen :

But if thou needs wilt be my Spouse,

First hearken, and attend my vows.

When Ætna's fires shall undergo
 The penance of the Alps in snow,
 When Sol at one blast of his horn
 Blasts from the Crab to Capricorn,
 When th' heavens shuffle all in one,
 The Torrid with the frozen Zone;
 When all these contradi^{ct}ions meet,
 When (Sybill) thou and I will greet.
 For all these simities do hold
 My young heat and thy dull cold;
 When if a Feather be so good
 Pimp as to inflame thy bloud,
 When men shall twist thee, and thy page
 The distinct Tropicks of mans age.
 Well (Madam time) be ever bald,
 He not the Perywig be call'd.
 He never be 'stead of a lover,
 And aged Chronicles new cover.

To Mrs. K. T. who askt
him why he was so Dumb.

Nay, should I answer (Lady) then
 In vain would be you question.
 Should I be dumb, why then again
 Your asking me would be in vain.
 Silence nor Speech (on neither hand)
 Can satisfie this strange demand.
 Yet since your will throws me upon
 This wished contradiction,
 I'll tell you how I did become
 So strangely (as you hear me) dumb.

Ask but the chap-faln Puritan,
 'Tis zeal that tongue-ties that good man,
 For heat of conscience all men hold,
 Is th'only way to catch their cold.
 How should loves zelot then forbear
 To be your silenc'd Minister ?
 Nay, your Religion, which doth grant
 A worship due to you my Saint.
 Yet counteth that devotion wrong
 That does it in the vulgar tongue.
 My ruder words would give offence
 To such an hallowed excellence ;
 As th'English Dialect would vary
 The goodnesse of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speak that twice am checkt
 By this and that Religious Sect ?
 Still dumb, and in your face I spy
 Still cause, and still Divinity !
 As soon as blest with your salute ,
 My manners taught me to be mute :
 For, lest they cancell all the blifs,
 You sign'd with so Divine a kisse ,
 The lips you seal must needs consent
 Unto the tongues imprisonment.
 My tongue in hold, my voyce doth rise
 With a strange *E-la* to my eyes,
 Where it gets bail, and in that sense
 Begins a new-found Eloquence.

Oh listen with attentive sight ,
 To what my prating eyes indite,
 Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choice ,
 To give , or to suspend my voice ,
 With the same key let ope the door
 Wherewith you lockt it fast before.

Kisse once again, and when you thus
 Have doubly been miraculous,
 My Muse will write with Handmaids duty,
 The golden legend of your beauty.
 He, whom his dumbness now confines,
 But means to speak the rest by signs.

A Fair Nymph scorning a black Boy *courting Her.*

Nymph. Stand off, and let me take the air,
 Why should the smoak pursue the fair?

Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be guest
 What flames within have scorch't my breast.

Nymph. The Flame of love I cannot view,
 For the dark Lanthorn of my hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorn keeps Loves Taper,
 Surer than yours that's of white paper,
 What ever mid-night hath been here,
 The Moon-shine of your face can clear.

Nymph. My Moon of an Eclipse is 'fraid,
 If thou shouldst interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,
 Buy me for some new fashion'd mask.

Nymph. Yes: but my bargain shall be this,
 I'll throw my mask off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd embraces shall delight
 To checquer limbs with black and white.

Nymph. Thy ink, my paper, make me guess.
 Our nuptial bed will prove a presse;
 And in our spots if any come,
 They'll read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my black thy love impair?
 Let the dark shop commend the ware:
 Or if thy love from black forbears,
 I'll strive to wash it off with tears.

Nymp. Spare fruitlesse tears, since thou must need
 Still wear about thee mourning weeds:
 Tears can no more affection win,
 Than wash thy Ethiopian skin.

A Dialogue between two Zealots
upon the &c. in the Oath,

Sir Roger from a zealous peice of freeze,
 Rais'd to a Vicar of the Childrens threes;
 Whose yearly Audit may by strict account,
 To twenty Nobles and his Vails amount,
 Fed on the common of the female charity,
 Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
 So shotten, that his soul like to himself,
 Walks but in *Quirpo*: this same Clergy Else,
 Encountring with a brother of the Cloth,
 Fell presently to cudgels with the Oath:
 The quarrell was a strange mishapen Monster.
 &c. (God blesse us) which they conster,
 The brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
 The Dragons tail ty'd on a knot, a nest
 Of young *Apocbryphaes*, the fashion
 Of a new mentall Reservation.

While Roger thus divides the text, the other
 Winks and expounds, saying, My pious brother,
 Hearken with reverence; for the point is nice,
 I never read on't, but I fasted twice,

And so by Revelation know it better
 Than all the learn'd Idolaters o'th letter.
 With that he sweld, and fell upon the Theam,
 Like great *Goliath* with his Weavers beam :
 I say to thee, &c. thou li'st,
 Thou art the curled lock of Antichrist :
 Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say
 Tongues were confounded in &c.
 Who swears &c. swears more oaths at once
 Than *Cerberus* out of his triple Sconce.
 Who views it well, with the same eye behold.
 The old half Serpent in his numerous folds.
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent
 What lately the prodigious Oysters meant,
 O *Booker*, *Booker*, how can'st thou to lack
 This sign in thy prophetick Almanack ?
 It's the dark vault wherein th'infernall plot
 Of Powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath: and you shall soon descry it.
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it.
 'Gainst whom the churchwhereof I am a member,
 Shall keep another fifth day of *November*.
 Yet here's not all, I cannot half untruss
 &c. it's so abominous.
 The *Trojan Nag* was not so fully lin'd,
 Unrip &c. and you shall find
 Og the great Commissary, and which is worse,
 Th'Apparator upon his skew-bald horse.
 Then (finally my babe of Grace) forbear,
 &c. will be too far to swear :
 For 't is (to speak in a familiar stile)
 A Yorkshire wea-bit, longer than a mile.
 Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods diggers,
 He'l swear in words at large and not in figures.

Now by this drink, which he takes off, as loath
 To leave &c. In this liquid oath,
 His Brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.
 So they drunk on, not offering to part
 Till they had quite i worn out th' eleventh quart
 While all that saw and heard them, joyntly pray
 They and their Tribe were all, &c.

SMECTYMNUS, or the *Club-Divines.*

Sme^{ct}ymnus? the Goblin makes me start :
 With Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art?
Syriack? or *Arabick*? or *W. lsh*? what skill?
 Ap all the Brick-layers that Babel built.
 Some Conjurer translate and let me know it :
 Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet,
 But do the Brother-hood then play their prizes,
 Like *Mummers* in Religion with disguises?
 Out-brave us with a name in Ranck and File.
 A Name, which if 'twere train'd, would spread
 The Saints *Monopoly*, the zealous cluster, (mill
 Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
 And shoots his quils at Bishops and their Sees,
 A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
 Thus *Jack-of-all-trades* hath devoutly shown
 The twelve Apostles on a Cherry-stone.
 Thus faction's *All-a-mode* in treasons fashion.
 Now we have Heresie by complication.
 Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of slaves
 Strung on a chain; a Murnival of knaves

Packt in a trick, like Gypsies when they ride,
 Or like *colleagues*, which sit all of a side;
 So the vain *Satyrists* stand all a-row;
 As hollow-teeth upon a Lute-string show.
 Th' *Italian monster* pregnant with his brother,
 Natures *Dyaresis*, halt one another,
 He with his little sides-man *Lazarus*,
 Must both give way unto *Smectymnus*.
 Next *Sturbridge-fair* is *Smec's*, for lo his side
 Into a five-fold *Lazar's* multiply'd,
 Under each arm there's tuckt a double gyzzard.
 Five faces lurk under one single vizzard.
 The *whore* of *Babylon* left their brats behind,
 Heirs of confusion by *Gavel kind*.
 I think *Pythagoras's* soul is rambel'd hither,
 With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her general Wardrobe, thee'l not dare
 To think of him as of a thorow-fare;
 He stops the Gossiping Dame; alone he is
 The purlew of a *Metempsuchest*.
 Like a *Scotch mark*, where the more modest sense
 Checks the loud phrase, and shrinks to 13 pence:
 Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame,
 Though so netime tripartite, joyns in the same:
 Like to nine *Taylors*, who if rightly spel'd,
 Into one man are monasyllabled.
 Short-handed zeal in one hath camped many,
 Like to the Decalogue in a single peny.
 See, see, how close the curs hunt under sheet,
 As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet.
 One *cure*, and five *Incumbents* leap a trusse,
 The Title sure must be litigious.
 The *Sadduces* would raise a question,
 Who must be *Smec* at th' Resurrection.

Who coopt them up together were to blame,
 Had they but wire-drawn & spun out their name
 'T would make another Prentices Petition
 Against the Bishops and their superstition

Robson and French (that count from five to five
 As far as Nature fingers did contrive,
 She saw they would be fesslers, that's the cause,
 She cleft their hoof into so many claws)
 May tire their carret bunch, yet ne're agree
 To rate *Smeſtymnus* for Polemony.

Caligula, whose pride was mankind's bail,
 As who disdain'd to murder by retail;
 Wishing the world had but one general nec,
 His *glutton-blade* might have found game in *Smeſ*.
 No echo can improve the Author more,
 Whose lungs pay use on use to half a score.
 No Felon is more letter'd, though the brand
 Both subscribes his shoulder and his hand.
 Some Welshman was his God-father, for he
 Wears in his name his Genealogy.

The banes are askt, would but the times give way
 Betwixt *Smeſtymnus* and *Et cætera*.

The Guests invited by a friendly summons,
 Should be the Convocation and the Commons,
 The Priest to tie the Foxes tails together,
Moseley, or *Sanctæ Clara* chuse you whether.
 See what an off-spring every one expects?
 What strange pluralities of men and sects?
 One says he'll get a Vestery, another
 Is for a Synod: Bet upon the mother:
 Faith cry St. *George*, let them go to't, and stickle,
 Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.
 Thus might Religions carterwaul, and spight,
 Which uses to divorce, might once unite.

But

But their cros fortunes interdict their trade,
 The *Bride* is rampant, but the *Groom* displaid.
 My task is don; all my he Goats are milkt;
 So many cards i'th stock, and yet be bilkt;
 I could by letters now untwist the rabble;
 Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Only kneel down, and take your fathers blessing.
 May the *Queen-mother* justifie your fears,
 And stretch her Patent to your leather ears.

The mixt Assembly.

Flea bitten Synod; an Assembly brew'd,
 Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
 Chaos of Presbytery, where Laymen guide;
 With the tame wool-pack Clergy by their side.
 Who askt the *Banes* twixt these *discolour'd mates*?
 A strange *Grotesco* this, the Church and States
 Most divine tick-tack in a pie-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of diverse hue.
 She that conceiv'd an *Aethiopian* heir
 By picture, when the parents both were fair,
 At sight of you had born a dappled son,
 You checqu'ring her imagination.
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled and ring-streaked
 Like *Impropiators* *Motley* kind, (lambs
 Whose scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd.
 Like the Lay-thief in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergy e're he did the deed.

Like *Royston* crows, who are (as I may say)
 Friers of both the Orders, *black* and *gray*.
 So mixt they are, one knows not whether's thick
 A Layre of *Burgefs*, or a Layre of *Vicar*. (ker,

Have'they usurp'd what Royal *Judah* had?
 And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad* ?
 The *Scepter* and the *Crozier* are the crutches,
 Which if not trusted in their pious clutches,
 Will fail the Creeple-state. And wer't not pity
 But both should serve the yardwand of the City ?
 That *Isaac* might stroak his beard, and sit,
 Judge of *his a d's* and *Etegerit*.

O that they were in chalk and charcoal drawn !
 The Miffelany Satyr and the Fawn ,
 And all th' adulteries of twisted Nature ,
 But faintly represent this ridling feature.
 Whose Members being not rallies, they'l not own
 Their fellows at the Resurrection.
 Strange scarlet Doctors there, they'l pass in story
 For sinners half refin'd in Purgatory ;
 Or Parboyl'd Lobsters, where therr joyntly rules
 The fading fables, and the coming gules.
 The Hea that *Faiflaff* damn'd, thus lewdly shows
 Tormented in the flames of *Bardolphs* Noie ,
 Like him that wore the Dialogue of cloaks ,
 This shoulder *John-a-stiles*, that *John-a-Nokes*.
 Like *Jews* and *Christians* in a ship together ,
 With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either.
 Like their intended Discipline to boot,
 Or whatloe're hath neither head nor foot :
 Such may their stript-stuff-hangings seem to be.
 Sacrilege matcht with codpiece-symony.
 Be sick and dream a little, you may then
 Phansie these Linsie wolsie Vestry men.

Forbear good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
Such company may chance to spoil thy swearing :
And these Drum-Major oaths of bulk unruly ,
May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.

He that the Noble *Perceys* blood inherits,
Will he strike up a *Hot-spur* of the spirits ?
Hec'l fright the *Obadiah* out of tune,
With his uncircumcised *Algernon* :

A name so stubborn, 'tis not to be scan'd
By him in *Gath* with the six finger'd hand.

See they obey the Magick of my words.
Presto, they're gone , and now the House of Lords
Look like the wither'd face of some old Hag
But with three teeth , like to a trible gag.

A Jig, a Jig, and in this antick dance
Fie'ding, and doxy *Mosshal* first advance,
Twisse blows the *Scotch*-pipes, and the loving brace
Put on the traces, and tread cinque-a-pace.

Then *Say & Scal* must his old hamstrings supple,
And he and rump'd *Palmer* make a couple.

Palmer's a fruitfull girl, it he'l unfold her,
The Midwife may find work about his shoulder.

Kimbolton that rebellious *Boanerges* ,
Must be content to saddle Doctor *Burges* :

If *Burges* get a clap 'tis ne're the worse,
But the fifth time of his Conjurators.

Not Bowls is coy, good sadness cannot dance
But in obedience to the Ordinance.

Here *Wharton* wheels about , till *Mumping Lidy*,
Like the full *moon* hath made his Lordships giddy.

Pym and the *Members* must their giblets levie,
T'encounter Madam *Smec* that single Bevy.

If they two truck together, 'twill not be
A child-birth, but a Goul-delivery.

Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph* ,
 But *Selden* he's a Galliard by himself ,
 And well may be, there's more Divines in him
 Then in all this their Jewish *Sanedrim* :
 Whose Canons in the forge shall then bear date
 When Mules their Cousin Germans generate.
 Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
 The Ox and Ass go yoked in one plow :
 Resign thy Coach-box *Twisse*; *Brooks* preacher, he
 Would sort the beasts with more conformity.
 Water & earth make but one globe, a Round head
 Is Clergy-Lay, Party-per-pale compounded.

The King's Disguise.

AND why a tenant to this vile disguise, (eye?)
 Which who but sees, blasphemes thee with his
 My twins of light within their penthouse shrink ;
 And hold it their allegiance now to wink.
 Oh for a state-distinction to arraign
 Charls of high treason 'gainst my Sovereign,
 What an usurper to his Prince is wont,
 Cloutier and shave him, he himself hath don't.
 His muffled feature speaks him a recluse,
 His ruins prove him a Religious House;
 The Sun hath mew'd his beams from off his lamp;
 And Majesty d fuc'd the Royal stamp.
 Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all ?
 As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die,
 Without the tincture of Tautology.

Flay an Ægyptian for his Caslock skin
Spun of his countries darknes, line't within
With Presbyterian budge, that drowsie trance,
The Synods sable foggy ignorance.
Nor bodily nor ghostly *Negro* could
Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould:
This privy-chamber of thy shape would be
But the close mourner of thy Royaltie.
'Twill break the circle of thy Jaylor's spell,
A Pearl within a rugged Oysters shell.
Heaven, which the Minister of thy person owns,
Will fine thee for Dilapidations:
Like to a Marry'd Abbeyes courser doom,
Devoutly alter'd to a Pidgeon room:
Or like the College by the changling rabble,
Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a stable.
Or if there be a prophianation higher,
Such is the sacrilege of thine attire (one
By which th'art half depos'd, thou lookst like
VWhose looks are under sequestration,
VWhose Renegado form at the first glance,
Shews like the self-denying Ordinance.
Angell of light, and darknesse too, I doubt,
Inspir'd within, and yet possess'd without:
Majestick twi-light in the state of grace,
Yet with an excommunicated face.
Charls and his Mask are of a different mint,
A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.
The Sun wears midnight, day is beetle brow'd,
And lightning is in Keldar of a cloud;
Oh the accurst Stenography of Fate!
The Princely Eagle shrunk into a Bat,
What charm, what Magick vapour can it be,
That shrinks his Rayes to this Apostasie?

It is not subtle film of tiffany air,
 No cob-wed vizard, such as Ladies wear,
 When they are veild, on purpose to be seen,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquish't skreen;
 Nor the false scabbard of a Princes tough
 Metal, and three pil'd darkness, like the slough
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in grain,
 Dark Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
 Hell belcht the damp, the *warwick-castle* vote
 Rang *Britains curse*, so our light went out,
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
 Like a Lords name writ in phantastick fetters:
 Cloaths where a *Switzer* might be buried quick,
 Sure they would fit the body Politick.
 False beard enough to fit a stages plot,
 For that's the ambush of their wit, Godwot:
 Nay, all his properties so strange appear,
 Y'are not 'ith'presence though the King be there.
 A Libel is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
 Such as the *Hue and Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
 Scribling assassinate, thy lines attest
 An ear-mark due, c. b of the blatant beast,
 Whose wrath before 'tis syllabled for worse.
 Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.
 The *Lapl. nders* when they would sell a wind
 Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
 It to thee a barque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts poop, and breeds the cholick in the fiend.
 But I'le not dub thee with a glorious scar,
 Nor sink thy skullar with a man of War.
 The black-mouth'd *Siquis*, & this slandering suit,
 Both do all alike in picture execute.
 But since w'are all call'd Papists, why not date
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate?

As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
 With *Sphynxes*, creatures of an antick draught,
 And puzzling pourtraitours, to shew that there
 Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon, Sir, since I presume to be
 Clark of this closet to your Majesty;
 Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dress
 I see the Gospel coucht in parables.
 At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,
 And shews Religion in its dusky types.
 Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade,
 Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all arrayd.
 Come all the brats of this expounding age,
 To whom the spirit is in pupillage;
 You that damn more than ever *Samson* slew,
 And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too;
 How is't he scapes your Inquisition free,
 Since bound up in the *Bibles* livery?
 Hence *Cabinet-intruders*, *Pick-lock*, hence,
 You that dim Jewels with your *Bristol*-fence;
 And *Characters*, like Witches, so torment,
 Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent,
 Keyes for this coffer you can never get.
 None but Saint *Peter* opes this *Cabinet*.
 This *Cabinet*, whose aspect would benight
 Critick spectators with redundant light.
 A Prince most seen, is least: What scriptures call
 The *Revelation*, is most mysticall.

Mount then thou shadow Royall, and with hast
 Advance thy *Morning Star*, *Charles's* overcast.
 May thy strange journey contradictions twist.
 And force fair weather from a *Scott* sh mist.
 Heav'ns *Confessors* are pos'd, those star-ey'd *Sages*
 T'interpret an Eclipse, thus riding stages.

Thus

Thus *Israel*-like, he travels with a cloud;
 Both as a conduct to him, and a throwd.
 But oh ! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
 A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shooes.

THE R E B E L L S C O T.

HOW ! Providence ! and yet a *Scottish* crew !
 Then *Madam Nature* wears black patches too,
 What shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a land that truckles under us ?
 Ring the bells backward, I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a countrey Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be feard
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick ? can his wrath appease
 To see his countrey sick of *Pym's* disease
 By *Scotch* Invasion, to be made a prey
 To such *Pig-widging Myrmidons* as they ?
 But that there's charm in verse, I would not quere
 The name of *Scot* without an antidote ;
 Unless my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 Were I a drowsie Judge, whose dismal note
 Disgorgeth Halters as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands; could I (in *Sir Emp'ricks* tone)
 Speak pills in phrase, and quack destruction :

Or roar like *Marshall*, that *Geneva* Bull;
 Hell and damnation, a pulpit full :
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize :
 Not all those mouth-*Granadoes* can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Hocus*) swallow daggers first.
 Come keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyrists to imp my rage,
 With all the scorpions that should whip this age.
 Scots are like witches; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch til the *blood com*; they'll not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like Hypocrites at stake,
 I'll bait my *Scot* so, yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise,
 No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmless Nation
 Fosters no venom, since the *Scots* plantation :
 Nor can our's saign'd antiquity maintain ;
 Since they came in, *England* hath wolves again :
 The *Scot* that kept the *Tower*, might have shown
 (Within the grate of his own breast alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther, and ingross'd
 What all those wild *Collegiats* had cost :
 The honest high-shoes in their termly fees
 First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
 Nature her self doth *Scotchmen* beasts confess,
 Making their countrey such a wilderness :
 A land that brings in question and suspense
 Gods omnipresence, but that *Charls* came thence :
 But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyall band
 Atton'd their sins, and *Christned* half the land :
 Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots :
 There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of *Scots* :

As in a picture, where the squinting paint
 Shews Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint,
 He that saw hell in's Melancholly dream,
 And in the twi-light of his fancies theam,
 Scar'd from his sins, repented in a fright,
 Had he view'd *Scotland*, had turn'd Profelite,
 A land where one may pray with curst intent,
 O may they never suffer banishment! (doom,
 Had *cain* been *Scot*, God would have changed his
 Not forc't him wander, but confin'd him home.
 Like Jews they spread, and as infections fly,
 As if the Devill had ubiquity.
 Hence 'tis they live at Rovers, and desie
 This or that place, rags of Geography.
 They're Citizens o'th' world; they're all in all
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
 And yet they ramble not to learn the mode
 How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad;
 To return knowing in the *Spanish* shrug,
 Or which of the *Dutch* States a double Jug
 Resembles most, in belly, or in beard.
 (The *Card* by which the Mariners are steer'd.)
 No; the *Scots-Errant's* fight, and fight to eat;
Their Estrich-stomachs make their swords their meat
 Nature with *Scots* as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their teeth upon their belt,
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
 The Serpents fatall still to *Paradise*.
 Sure *England* hath the Hemoroids, and these
 On the North posture of the patient seize,
 Like *Leeches*, thus they physically thrust
 After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.
 Let them not think to make us run o'th' score,
 To purchase villanage, as once before,

When an act past to stroak them on the head,
 Call them good subjects, buy them Ginger-bread,
 Nor gold, nor act of grace, 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn *Scot*: a Prince that would reclaim
 Rebels by yeelding, doth like him (or worse)
 Who saddled his own back to shame his Horse.
 Was it for this you left your leaner soil,
 Thus to lard Israel with Egypt's spoil?
 They are the Gospells Life-guard, but for them,
 The Garrison of new *Jerusalem*,
 What would the brethren do the cause! the cause!
 Sack possets and the fundamentall laws!
 Lord! what a godly thing is want of shirts!
 How a *Scotch* stomach, and no meat, converts!
 They wanted food and raiment; so they took
 Religion for their Semstres, and their Cook.
 Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
 As well as conscience are sophisticate;
 Thrive but their titles, and their money poize,
 A *Laird* & *twenty pounds* pronounc'd with noise,
 When constru'd, but for a plain Yeoman go,
 And a good sober two-pence, and well so.
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
 You Picts in Gentry and devotion?
 You scandall to the stock of Verse, a Race
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The *Ostracism*, and sham'd it out of use.
 The *Indian* that heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the *Spaniards* were there,
 Had he but known what *Scots* in hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between:
 My Muse hath done. A Voider for the nonce;
 Wrong the Devill, should I pick their bones,
 That

That dish is his; for when the Scots decease,
Hell, like their Nation, feeds on Barnacles.

A Scot, when from the Gallow-tree got loose,
Drops into *Styx*, and turns a Solun-Goose.

The Scots Apostasie.

IS't come to this? what shall the cheeks of Fame
Stretch with the breath of learned *Lowdons*
Be flag'd again? & that great peice of sence, (name
(As rich in Loyaltie as Eloquence,
Brought to the Test) be found a trick of state :
Like Chymists tinctures, prov'd adulterate ;
The devill sure such language, did achieve
To cheat our un-fore-warned-Grandam *Eve*,
As this Imposture found out, to besot
Th' experienc'd *English*, to believe a *Scot*.
Who reconcil'd the Covenants doubtfull sence
The Commons argument, or the Cities pence ?
Or did you doubt persistance in one good
Would spoil the fabrick of your brotherhood,
Projected first in such a forge of sin,
Was fit for the grand devills hammering ?
Or was't ambition, that this damned fact
Should tell the world you know the sins you act
The infamy this supper-treason brings
Blasts more than murders of your *sixty Kings* ,
A crime so black, as being advis'dly don ;
Those hold with this no competition.
Kings only suffered then, in this doth lie
Th' Assassination of *Monarchy*.
Beyond this sin no one step can be trod.
If not t' attempt deposing of your God.

Oh were you so engag'd, that we might see
 Heavens angry lightning 'bout your ears to flee,
 Till you were shrivil'd to dust; and your cold land
 Partcht to a draught beyond the *Lybian* sand!
 But 'tis reserv'd, till heaven plague you worse,
 Be objects of an Epidemick curse.

First, may your brethren, to whose viler ends
 Your power hath banded, cease to count you friends,
 And prompted by the dictate of their reason, (*son*
 Approach the *Traytors*, though they hug the *Trea-*
 And may their jealousies increase and breed,
 Till they confine your steps beyond the *Tweed* :
 In forraign Nations may your loath'd name be
 A stigmatizing brand of infamy ;
 Till forc'd by generall hate, you cease to come
 The world, and for a plague live at home :
 Till you resume your poverty, and be
 Reduc'd to beg, where none can be so free
 To grant; and may your scabby Land be all
 Translated to a general Hospitall.
 Let not the Sun afford one gentle ray,
 To give you comfort of a summers day ;
 But, as a guerdon for your trayterous war,
 Give cherisht only by the Northern star,
 To stranger deign to visit your rude coast,
 And be to all but banisht men, as lost.
 And such in heightning of infliction due,
 Let provok'd Princes send them all to you.
 Your State a Chaos be, where not the Law,
 But Power, your lives and liberties may awe.
 No Subject, mongst you keep a quiet brest,
 But each man strive through bloud to be the best,
 Till, for those miseries on us you've brought,
 On your own sword our just revenge be wrought.

To

To sum up all---let your *Religion* be,
 As your *Allegiance*, mask'd hypocrisie :
 Untill, when *charls* shall be compos'd in dust,
 Perfum'd with Epithetes of good and just ;
 HE sav'd, incens'd heaven may have forgot
 T' afford one act of mercy to a *Scot* ;
 Unless that *Scot* deny himself, and do
 (W hats easier far) renounce his *Nation* too.

Rupertismus.

O That I could but vote my self a Poet !
 Or had the Legislative knack to do it !
 Or like the Doctors Militant, could get
 Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret !
 Or had I *cacus* trick to make my rimes
 Their own Antipodes, and track the times :
Faces about, saies the *Remonstrant* spirit ,
 Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit ;
Huntington colt, that pos'd the sage Recorder
 Might be a sturgeon now, and passe by Order.
 Had I but *Elfing*'s gift (that splay-mouth'd brother
 That declares one way and yet means another)
 Could I but right a squint; then (Sir) long-sine
 You had been sung, *A great and glorious Prince*.
 I had observ'd the language of the daies ;
 Blasphem'd you, and then periwig'd the phrase
 With humble service, and such other Fustian ,
 Bells which ring backward in this great combu
 I had revil'd you, andiwith out offence, (sic
The Literall, and *Equitable sense*
 Would make it good; when all fails, that will do
 Sure that distinction cleft the divells foot.

This were my Dialect, would your high hnesse
 To read me but with Hebrew spectacles; (please
 Interpret Counter, what is crosse rehears'd:
 Libells are commendations when revers'd.
 Just as an Optique glasse contracts the fight
 At one end, but when turn'd doth multiply't.
 But you'r enchanted, Sir you're doubly free
 From the great guns, and squibbing Poetry:
 Who neither Bilbo, nor invention pierces,
 Proof even 'gainst th' artillery of Verses,
 Strange! that the Muses cannot wound your Mail;
 If not their art, yet let their sex prevail.
 At that known Leaguer, where the bonny *Besses*
 Supplied the *bowstrings* with their twisted tresses,
 Your *spels* could ne're have fenc'd you, *ev'ry arrow*
 Had lanc'd your noble brest & drunk the marrow:
 For beauty like white powder makes no noise;
 And yet the silent hypocrite destroys.
 Then use the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Dost *Wharton* tell his Gossips of the City,
 That you kill women too; nay maids, and such
 Their *Gēnerall* wants *Militia* to touch.
 Impotent *Essex*! is it not a shame
 Our Common-wealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
 Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may she be
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather than sav'd by thee.
 But why, my Muse, like a green-sickness Girl,
 Feed'st thou on coals and dirt, a gelding Earl
 Gives no more relish to thy female palat,
 Than to that asle did once the thistle fallar.
 Then quit the barren theme; and all at once
 Thou and thy sisters like bright *Amazons*,
 Give *Rupert* an alarum, *Rupert*! one
 Whose name is wits Superfétation.

Make

Makes fancy (like eternities round womb)
 Unite all valour, present, past, to come.
 He, who the old Philosophy controuls,
 That voted down plurality of souls,
 He breaths a grand Committee, all that were
 The wonders of their age, constellate here.
 And as the elder sisters growth and sence
 (Souls paramount themselves) in man commen
 But faculty of reasons Queen, no more
 Are they to him, who were compleat before;
 Ingredients of his virtue, thred the beads
 Of *Cæsars* acts, great *Pompeys* and the *Swedes*:
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Ruperts* hand,
 By which that vast triumvirate is span'd,
 Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
 How long the world shall live, & when't shal ble
 Whatever man winds up, that *Rupert* hath;
 For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,
Pandora's brother, to make up whose store,
 The Gods were fain to run upon the score,
 Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
 Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z flea off the plate
 That tips their Antlers for the Calf of State;
 Let the zeal twanging nose that wants a ridge,
 Snuffing devoutly, drop his silver bridge,
 Yes, and the gossips spoon augment the sum,
 Although poor *Caleb* lose his Christendom;
Rupert out-weighs that in his sterling self,
 Which their self wants pay in commuting pel
 Pardon great Sir; for that ignoble crew
 Gains, when made bankrupt in the scales with
 As he whom in his character of light
 Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it far more bright

By an Eclipse so glorious, (light is dim
 And a black nothing, when compar'd to him :)
 So 'tis illustrious to be *Rupert's* foil ,
 And a just trophée to be made his spoil :
 I'll pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* sleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed believe.
 The conquests which the Common-council hears
 With their wide listning mouth from the great
 That ran away in triumph; such a foe (Peers
 Can make them victors in their overthrow.
 Where providence and valour meet in one ,
 Courage so poiz'd with circumspection ,
 That he revives the quarrell once again
 Of the souls throne, whether in heart or brain ;
 And leaves it a drawn match: whose fervor can
 Hatch him, whom nature poach'd but half a man.
 His trumpet, like the angels at the last,
 Makes the soul rise by a mirac'lous blast.
 'Twas the Mount *Athos* carv'd in shape of man
 (As 'twas defined by th' *Macedonian*)
 Whose right hand should a populous Land con-
 The left should be a channell to the main: (tain
 His spirit might inform th' amphibious figure;
 Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger :
 The terror of whose name can out of seven
 (Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking; Vipers thus,
 By being slain, are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'll confess no losse of men ;
 For *Rupert* knocks 'em, till they gig agen.
 They fear the gibblers of his train, they fear
 Even his Dog, that four leg'd Cavalier :
 He that devours the scraps, which *Lunsford* makes
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes :

Who

Who names but *Charls*, he comes aloft for him,
 But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
 'Gainst whom they've severall Articles in fouse
 First that he barks against the sence o'th' House
Resolv'd Delinquent, to the tower straight,
 Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate;
 Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th' rail,
 But there the sisterhood will be his bail.
 At least the Countesse will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,
 That lets in all religions of the game.
 Thirdly, he smells intelligence, that's better,
 And cheaper too, than *Pym's* from his own Letter
 Who's doubly paid (fortune, or we the blinder
 For making plots, and then for Fox the finder.
 Lastly, he is a divell without doubt;
 For when he would lie down, he wheels about;
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring,
 And therefore score up one for conjuring (quarter
 What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quarter
 I'me but an instrument, a meer *S. Arthur*.
 If I must hang, O let not our fates vary;
 Whose office 'tis a like, to fetch and carry.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That strung the Jesuit, will dispatch a cur.
 Were I a devill, as the Rebell fears,
 I see the house would try me by my Peers.
 There *Fowler*, there! ah *Iowler*! 't'is nought,
 What e're th' accusers cry, they're at a fault;
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
 Than when the glorious *Stafford* stood at Bay.
 Thus Labels but annex to him we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of victory.
S. Peters shadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is such,
 'Twould find *S. Peter* work, yet wound as much

He gags their Guns, defeats their dire intent,
The Cannons do but lisp and complement.
Sure *Jeve* descendd in a leaden shour
To get this *Perseus*: hence the fatall power
Of shot is strangled: bullets thus alli'd
Fear to commit an act of Paricide.
Go on brave Prince, and make the world confess,
Thou art the greater world, and that the less.
Scatter th' accumulative King, untruss,
That five-fold fiend, the States *Smectymnus*,
Who place Religion in their Vellam-ears,
As in their Phylacters the Jews did theirs.
England's a Paradise (and a modest Word)
Since guarded by a *cherubs* flaming Sword,
Your name can scare an Atheist to his prayers,
And cure the chin-cough better than the Bears.
Old *Sybil* charms the tooth-ach with you: *Nurse*
Makes you still children, and the poudrous curse
The clowns salute with, is deriv'd from you,
(*Now Rupert take thee Rogue; how dost thou doe ?*)
In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel barrow.

THE FOUR-LEGG'D ELDER.

OR,

*A Horrible Relation of a Dog and an
Elder's Maid.*

The Tune of The Ladies Fall.

ALL Christians, and Lay-Elder's too,
for shame amend your Lives.
I'll tell you of a Dog trick now,
which much concerns your Wives.
An Elder's Maid neer Temple Bar
(ah what a Quean was she!)
Did take an ugly Mastiffe Cur
where Christians use to be.
Help House of Commons, House of Peers!
Oh now or never help!
Tb' Assembly hath not sate four years,
yet hath brought forth a whelp.
One Evening late she stept aside,
pretending to fetch Eggs,
And there she made herself a Bride
to one that had four leggs:
Her Master heard a Rumblement,
and wonder'd she did tarry,
Not dreaming (without his consent)
his Dog would ever marry.
Help House of Commons! &c.
He went to peep, but was afraid,
and hastily did run
To fetch a Staffe to help his Maid,
not knowing what was done;

He took his *Ruling Elder's* Cane,
and cry'd out *Help, help here!*
For *Smash* our Mastiff and poor *Jane*
are now fight Dog fight Bear.
Oh House of Commons! &c.

But when he came he was full sorry,
for he perceiv'd their strife,
That according to the *Directory*
they two were Dog and Wife;
Ah (then said he) thou cruell Quean,
why hast thou me beguil'd?
I wonder'd *Smash* was grown so lean,
poor Dog hee's almost spoyl'd.
Oh House of Commons! &c.

I thought thou hadst no carnal sense,
but what's in other Lasses,
And could have quench'd thy cupiscence
according to the *Classes*;
But all the Parish see it plain,
since thou art in this pickle,
Thou art an *Independent* Quean,
and lov'st a *Conventickle*.
Oh House of Commons! &c.

Alas now each *Malignant* Rogue
will all the World perswade
that she that's Spouse unto a Dog
may be an *Elder's* Maid;
They'll jeer us if abroad we stir,
good Master *Elder* stay,
or what *Classis* is your Cure?
And then what can we say?
Oh House of Commons! &c.

P O E M S.

They'l many gracelesse Ballads sing
of a *Presbyterian* ,
That a *Lay Elder* is a thing
made up half Dog half Man :
Out, out, (said he, and smote her down)
was Mankind grown so scant ?
Ther's scarce another Dog in town
had took the *covenant* ,
Oh House of Commons ! &c.

Then *Swash* began to look full grim ,
and *Iane* did thus Reply ,
Sir, you thought nought too good for him ,
you fed your Dog too high :
Tis true, he took me in the lurch ,
and leapt into my arm ,
But (as I hope to come at Church)
I did your Dog no harm.
Oh House of Commons ! &c.

Then she was brought to *Newgate* gaol ,
and there was naked stript ,
They whipt her till the Cords did fail ,
as Dogs use to be whipt.
Poor City Maids shed many a tear
when she was lath'd and bang'd ,
And had she been a *Cavalier* ,
surely she had been hang'd.
Oh House of Commons ! &c.

Hers was but *Fornication* found ,
to which she felt the lash ,
But his was *Raggary* presum'd ,
therefore they hanged *Swash* :

POEMS.

What will become of *Bishops* then ,
or *Independencie* ?

For now we find both *Dogs* and *Men*
stand for *Presbytery*.

Oh House of Commons ! &c.

She might have took a *Sow-gelder* ,
with *Synod-men* good store ,

But she would have a *Lay-Elder*
with two legs and two more.

Go tell th' *Assembly* of *Divines* ,
tell *Adoniram* *Blew* ,

Tell *Burgeesse* , *Marshall* , *Cafe* , and *Vines* ,
tell *Nor-and-Avon* too.

Oh House of Commons ! &c.

Some said she was a *Scotish* *Girl* ,
or else (at least) a *Witch* ;

But she was born in *Colchester* ,
was ever such a *Bitch* !

Take heed all *Christian Virgins* now ,
The *Dog-star* now prevails ;

Ladies beware you *Monkeys* too ,
for *Monkeys* have long tails.

Oh House of Commons ! &c.

Blesse *King* and *Queen* and send us *Peace*
as we had seven years since ,

For we remember no *Dog-dayes*
while we enjoy'd our *Prince* :

Blesse sweet *Prince Charles* , 2 *Dukes* , three *Girls* ,
Lord save His *Majesty* ,

Grant that his *Commons* , *Lords* , and *Earls* ,
may lead such *Lives* as *He*.

Oh House of Commons ! &c.

FINIS.



SOME christian people all give ear,
 Unto the grief of us,
 Caus'd by the death of three children dear,
 The which it hapyned thus.

And eke there befel an accident,
 By fault of a Carpenter's Son,
 Who to Saw chips his sharp Ax lent,
 Woe worth the time may Lon-----

May London say, wo worth the Carpenter,
 And all such Block-head fools,
 Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
 For jesting with edg-tools.

For into the chips there fell a spark,
 Which Put out in such flames;
 That it was known into Southwark,
 Which lives beyond the Thames.

For Loe the Bridge was wondrous high
 With water underneath,
 O're which as many fishes fly,
 As birds therein doth breath.

And yet the fire consum'd the Bridg,
 Not far from place of landing,
 And though the building was full big,
 It fell down not with standing.

And

And eke into the water fell ,
 So many Pewter dishes ,
 That a man might have taken up very well ,
 Both boyld and roasted Fishes.

And thus the Bridge of London Town ,
 For building that was sumptuous ,
 Was Ali by fire Half burnt down ,
 For being too contumptious.

And thus you have all, but half my Song ;
 Pray list to what comes after ;
 For now I have cool'd you with the Fire ,
 I'll warm you with the water.

Pl'e tell you what the Rivers name is ,
 Where these children did slide a ,
 It was fair Londons swiftest Thames ,
 That keeps both time and Tide-a.

All on the tenth of January ,
 To the wonder of much people ,
 'Twas frozen o're, that well 'twould bear
 Almost a Country Steeple.

Three children sliding thereabouts ,
 Upon a place too thin ,
 That so at last it did fall out ,
 That they did all fall in.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
 And with the King great wagers makes :
 But when he saw he could not win ,
 He fight, and would have drawn stakes.

And

He

He said it would bear a man for to slide,
 And laid a hundred pound;
 The King said it would break, and so it did,
 For three children there were drown'd.

Of which ones head was from his Should--
 Ers stricken, whose name was Iohn,
 Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
 O Lon-a Lon- a London.

Oh! tur-tur-turn from thy sinfull race,
 Thus did his speech decay:
 I wonder that in such a case,
 He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, a lack, a lack,
 The water ran down their throats,
 And stopt their breaths three houres by the Clock,
 Before they could get any Boats.

To Parents all that children have
 And ye that have none yet,
 Preserve your children from the grave,
 And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
 Or else upon dry ground,
 Why then I would never have been seen,
 If that they had been drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman tyes his dogs,
 For fear they should go fro him,
 So tye your children with severities clogs,
 Unty'um and you'l undo'um,

*God blefs our Noble Parliament ,
And rid them from all fears ,
God blefs all th' Commons of this Land ,
And Go d blefs some o'th' Peers.*

Epitaph upon the Earl of STRAFFORD.

Here lies wise and valiant dust ,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just :
Strafford, who was hurried hence
'Twixt treason and convenience.
He spent his time here in a mist ,
A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*.
His Princes nearest Joy and Grief;
He had , yet wanted all relief.
The prop and ruine of the State ,
The peoples violent love and hate :
One in extreams lov'd and abhor'd ,
Riddles lie here, or in a word ,
Here lies blood, and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

Epitaphium Thomæ Comitis
Straffordii &c.

pitaphium :
Exurge cinis, tuumq; solus, qui potius es scribe E-
Niquit Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis.
Effare Marmor: & quam cœpisti comprehendere,
Macte & Expressere.

Candidius meretur urna quàm quod rubris,
Notatum est literis Elogium.

Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hîc jacet lassus:
Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia
Rex Politicæ & Porrex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, & Virtutum Comes :

Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Apollinis;
cui Anglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicū; quo sub rubicundâ vespërâ occidente,
Nox simul & dies visa est: dextrôq; oculo flevit,
Lædôq; lætata est Anglia.

Theatrum Honoris, itumq; Scena calamitosa Virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidiâ,
Quæ ternis animosa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppressit.

Sic inclinavit Heros (non minùs) Caput
Belluæ sævæ multorum Capitum :
Merces favoris Scotici, præter pecunias :
Erubuit ut tetigit securus ,

Similem quippe nux quam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro : fuit tam insensus Legibus ,
Ut priùs legem quàm nata foret violavit :
Huc tamen non sustulit Lex ,

*Verum Necessitas, non habet Legem.
Abi Viator, cetera memorabunt posteri.*

On the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
He brews his tears that studies to lament.
Verse chimically weeps, that pious rain
Distill'd with art, is but the sweat o'th brain.
Who ever sobb'd in numbers? can a groan
Be quaver'd out by soft division?
'Tis true, for common formal Elegies,
Not *Busbels* Wells can match a poets eyes:
In wanton water-works he'l tune his tears
From a *Gen'va* Jig up to the *Sphears*.
But when he mourns at distance, weeps aloof,
Now that the Conduit head is our own roof,
Now that the fate is publick, we may call
It *Britains* Vespers, *Englands* Funeral
Who hath a pensil to exprels the Saint,
But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?
There is no learning but what tears surround,
Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
There is no Church, Religion is grown
From much of late, that she's increast to none:

Like

Like an Hydropick body full of Rhumes,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
 And by a Law dough-back', and Ordinance.
 The *Liturgy*, whose doom was voted next,
 Dy'd as a comment upon him the text.
 There's nothing lives: life is, since he is gone,
 But a nocturnal lucubration.
 Thus you have seen deaths Inventory read
 In the sum total--- *Canterbury's* dead,
 A sight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himself a convert in his bleeding cys,
 Would thaw the rabble, that fierce beast of ours,
 (That which *Hyena*-like weeps and devours.)
 Tears that flow brackish from their souls within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Mean time no squalid grief his looks defiles,
 He gilds his sadder fate with noble smiles,
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streams
 Shines in his showres, as if he wept his beams.
 How could success such villanies applaud?
 The State in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Land*:
 The twins of publick rage adjudg'd to dye,
 For treasons they should act, by prophetic.
 The facts were done before the laws were made,
 The trump turn'd up after the game was plaid.
 Be dull great spirits and forbear to climb,
 For Worth is sin, and Eminence a crime.
 No Church-man can be innocent and high,
 'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On I. W. A. B. of York.

SAY my young Sophister, what think'st of this?
Chimera's real; *Ergo-falleris*.

The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
 And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.
 Call an *Harnsperx* quickly; let him get
 Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrel wet,
 To purifie the place, for sure the harms
 This monster will produce, transcends his charms.
 'Tis nature's master-piece of error, this,
 Redeemeth what she ever did amisse
 Before, from wonder and reproach, this last
 Legitimaterh all her by-blows past.

Lo here a general Metropolitan,
 And Arch-prelatick Presbyterian,
 Behold his pious Garbs, Canonick face,
 A zealous *Episcopo-mastix* Grace; (ther,
 A fair blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd bro-
 und: One leg the Pulpit holds, a tub the other,
 Lets give him a fit name now, if we can,
 And make th' Apostate once more Christian.
 e, *rotens* we cannot call him; he put on
 d. his change of shapes by a succession;
 For the *wetsh-wethercock*, for that we find,
 t once doth only wait upon the wind:
 , these speak him not, but if you'l name him right
 ry. call him *Religions Hermaphrodite*.
 his head i'th' sanctified mould is cast,
 et sticks th' abominable Miter fast,
 e still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
 On and yet has got a reverend Elders place.

Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
 By crying Altars down, to sacrifice,
 To privat malice, where you might have seen
 His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
 Unhappy Church! the Viper that did thare
 Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
 And void of all thy dignities and store.
 Alas! thine own son proves the forrest Boar;
 And like the dam destroying Cuckow he,
 When the thick shell of his Welsh Pedigree,
 By thy warm fost'ring bounty did divide
 And open, straight thence sprung forth paricide;
 As if 'twas just revenge should be dispatch
 In thee, by th' monster which thy self had hatcht
 Despair not though, in wales there may be got,
 As well as *Lincolnshire* an antidote, (head
 'Gainst the foul *st* venom he can spit, though's
 Were chang'd from subtil gray to pois'nous red:
 Heaven with propitious eys will look upon
 Our party, now the cursed thing is gone;
 And chastice Rebels, who nought else did misse
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his;
 Who'e foul imparallel'd apostasie,
 Like to his sacred character shall be
 Indelible, when ages then of late
 More happy grown with most impartiall fate,
 A period to his days and time shall give,
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live,

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
 who Gods annointed and his Church betraid.*

Mark Anthony.

When as the *Nightingal* chanted her Vespers ;
 And the *wild Forester* couch't on the ground ,
Venus invited me in the evening whispers ,
 Into a fragrant field with *Roses* crown'd :

Where she before had sent
 My wishes complement ,
 Unto my hearts content ,
 Plaid with me on the Green ,
 Never *Mark Anthony*
 Dallied more wantonly
 With the fair *Egyptian Queen*.

First on her cherry cheeks I mine eyes feasted ,
 Thence fear of surfeiting made me retire :
 Next on her warm lips, which when I tasted ,
 My duller spirits made active as fire.

Then we began to dart
 Each at anothers heart ,
 Arrows that knew no smart :
 Sweet lips and smiles between.
 Never *Mark*, &c.

Wanting a Glasse to plat her amber tresses ;
 Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arm ,
 Gaydier than *Juno* wears when as she graces
 Love with embraces more stately than warm ;

Then did she peep in mine
 Eys humour Christalline ;
 I in her eys was seen ,
 As if one had been ,

Never , *Mark*, &c.

Mysticall

Mystical Grammar of amorous glances,
 Feeling of pulses, the ~~Physick~~ of Love,
 Rhetorical courtings, and Musical dances;
 Numbring of kisses Arithmetick prove
 Eyes like Astronomy,
 Streight limb'd Geometry:
 In her hearts ingeny
 Our wits are sharp and keen.
 Never, &c.

The Authors Mock-song to *Mark Anthony*

W H E N as the *Night-raven* sung *Pluto's* Mattens,
 And *Cerberus* cryed three *Amens* at a houl,
 When night-wandering witches put on their patch-
 Midnight as dark as their faces are foul: (tens W
 Then did the Furies doom
 That the night-mare was come;
 Such a mis-shapen Groom
 Puts down *Su. Pumsret* clean.
 Never did *Incubus*
 Touch such a filthy *Sue*,
 As this foul Gypsie Quean.

First on her *Goosbery cheeks* I mine eyes blasted;
 Thence fear of vomiting made me retire
 Unto her blower lips, which when I tasted,
 My spirits were duller than *Dun* in the mire.
 But then her breath took place,
 Which went an *Ushers* pace,
 And made way for her face;
 You may guesse what I mean,

Never did *Incubus*
Touch such a filthy *Sus* ,
As this fowl Gypsie Quean.

Like snakes ingend'ing were platted her tresses ,
Or like fl my streaks of ropy Ale ;
Uglier than *Envy* wears when she confesses
Her head is periwig'd with Adders tail.

But as soon as she spake ,
I heard a harsh Mandrake :
Laugh nor at my mistake ,
Her head is Ep'cane.

Never did, &c.

Myſticall Magick of conjuring wrinkles,
Feeling of Pulſes the palmeſtry of Hags,
Colding out belches for *Rhetorick* twinkles ;
With three teeth in her head like to three gags ,
Rainbows about her eys ,
And her noſe wether wiſe,
From them the Almanack lies,
Froſt, *Pond*, and *Rivers* clean.
Never did, &c.

The Hue and Cry after Sir

John Presbyter.

With hair in Characters, and Lungs in text,
With a ſplay mouth, and a noſe circum-
With a ſet Ruſſ of *Muſket-bore*, that wears (ſtretch,
like Cartrages, or linnen Bandiliers ,

Exhausted of their sulphurous contents ,
 In pulpit fire-works, which this *Bombal* vents !
 The *Negative* and *Covenanting* Oath
 Like two mustachoes issuing from his mouth ;
 The bush upon his chin (like a carv'd story
 In a box knot) cut by the *Directory* ;
 Madams confession hanging at his ear , (*W ere* :
 Wire-drawn through all the questions, *How* and
 Each circumstance so in the hearing felt ,
 That when his *ears* are *cropt*, he'l count them *gels* :
 The weeping *Caslock* scar'd into a Jump ,
 A sign the *Presbyter*'s worn to the stump :
 The *Presbyter*, though charm'd against mischance
 With the *Divine right* of an Ordinance.

If you meet any that do thus attire 'em ,

Stop them, they're of the tribe of Adoniram.

VVhat zealous frenzy did the Senat seize ,
 That tare the *Robbet* to such rags as these ?
 Episcopacy minc'r, reforming *Tweed*
 Hath sent us *Runts*, even of her Churches breed ;
 Lay-interlining *Clergy*, a device
 That's nick-name to the stuff call'd *Lops & Lies*.
 The Beast at wrong end branded, you may trace
 The Devils footsteps in his cloven face.
 A face of severall parishes and sorts.
 Like to a Sergeant shav'd at Innes a Court.
 VVhat mean the Elders else, those *Kirk Dragons*,
 Made up of *Ears* and *Ruffs* like *Ducations* ?
 That *Hierarchy* of *Handicrafts* begun ?
 Those new *Exchange men* of Religion ?
 Sure they're the *Antic-heads*, which plac'd without
 The Church, do gape and disembugue a spout ;
 Like them above the *Commons House* have been
 So long without, now both are gotten in ;

Then,

Then, what Imperious in the Bishop sounds,
 The same the Scotch Executor rebounds,
 This stating Prelacy, the Classic's rout,
 That spake it often, e're it spake it out;
So by an Abbies scheleton of late
I heard an Eccho supereragate
Through imperfection, and the voyce restore,
As if she had the hicp o're and o're.
 Since they our mixt Diocesans combine
 Thus to ride double in their Discipline;
 That Pauls shall to the Consistory call
 A Dean and Chapter out of VVeavers-Hall.
 Each at the Ordinance for to assist
 With the five thumbs of his groat-changing fist
 Down Dagon Synod with thy motley ware
 Whilst we do swagger for the Common-Prayer,
 That Dove-like Embassi, that wings our sense
 To heavens gate, in shape of Innocence.
 Pray for the Miter'd Authors, and desie
 These Demicasters of Divinity.
 For where Sir John with Jack-of-all-trades joyns;
 His Finger's thicker than the Prelat's Loyns.

The Antiplatonick.

FOR shame, thou everlasting VVoer,
 Still saying grace, and ne're fall to her!
 Love that's in contemplation plac't,
 Is Venus drawn but to the waist.
 Inlesse your flame confesse its gender,
 And your Parley cause surrender,

Y'are

Y're are Salamanders of a cold desire ,
That live untoucht amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a Dame of stone ,
The widow of *Pigmalion* ;
As hard and unrelenting she ,
As the new crusted *Niobe* ;
Or what doth more of statue carry ,
A Nun of the *Platonick Quarry* ?
Love melts the rigor which the rocks have bred ,
A flint will break upon a Feather-bed.

For shame you pretty female Elves .
Cease for to candy up your selves :
No more, you sectaries of the game ,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by *Cupids* Dart ,
As a Kings hunting dubs a Hart ,
Loves votaries enthrall each others soul ,
Till both of them live but upon Parol ;

Virtue's no more in woman-kind
But the green-sicknesse of the mind.
Philosophy, their new delight ,
A kind of charcoal Appetite.
There is no Sophistry prevails
Where all-convincing love assails ;
But the disputing petticoat will warp ,
As skilfull gamesters are to seek at sharp.

The Souldier, that man of iron ,
Whom ribs of *Horror* all inviron ;
That's strung with wire in stead of veins ,
In whose embraces you'r in chains ,

Let a Magnetick girl appear,
 Straight he turns *Cupids* Cuiras eer.
 Love storms his lips, and takes the Fortresse in,
 For all the Brisled Turn-pikes of his chin.

Since Loves Artillery then checks
 The breast-works of the firmest sex,
 Come let's in affections riot,
 Th'are sickly pleasures keep a Diet;
 Give me a lover bold and free,
 Not Eunuch't with formality;
 Like an Embassador that heds a Queen
 With the nice caution of a sword between.

FUSCARA, OR
 The Bee Errant

Natures confectioner, the *Bee*,
 Whose suckets are moyst *Alehimie*,
 The still of his refining mould,
 Minting the Garden into gold;
 Having riss'd all the fields
 Of what dainties *Flora* yields,
 Ambitious now to take Excise,
 Of a more fragrant Paradise,
 At my *Fuscara's* sleeve arriv'd,
 Where all delicious sweets are hiv'd.
 The ayrie Free-booter distreins
 First on the Violets of her Veins,
 Whose tincture could it be more pure,
 His ravenous kisse had made it bluer:
 Here d'd he sit, and essence quaff,
 Till her coy Pulse had beat him off.

That

That Pulse, which he that feels may know
 Whether the World's long-liv'd or no.
 The next he preys on is her Palm,
 That Alm'ner of transpiring Balm,
 So soft, 'tis ayr but once remov'd,
 Tender as 'twere a Jelly glov'd,
 Here while his canting drone pipe scan'd
 The mystick figures of her hand
 He tipples Palmestry, and dines
 On all her fortune telling lines
 He baths in blisse, and finds no oddes
 Betwixt that Nectar and the Gods.
 He perches now upon her wrist,
 A proper Hawk for such a fist,
 Making that flesh his bill of fare
 Which hungry Canibals would spare.
 Where Lillies in a lovely brown
 Inoculate Carnation.
 Her *Argent* skin with *O* so stream'd
 As if the milky way were cream'd.
 From whence he to the Wood-bine bends
 That quivers at her fingers ends,
 Running division on the tree
 Like a thick branching pedigree.
 So 'tis not her the Bee devours,
 It is a pretty maze of flowers,
 It is the rose that bleeds when he
 Nibbles his nice Phlebotomy.
 About her finger he doth cling
 I' th fashion of a wedding ring.
 And bids his Comrades of the swarm
 Crawl as a bracelet 'bout her arm.
 Thus when the hovering Publ can
 Had suck'd the Toll of all her span,

Tuning his draughts with drowly hums,
 As Danes carowle with Kettle-drums,
 It was decreed that posy-glean'd,
 The small familiar should be wean'd
 At this the Errrants courage quails,
 Yet aided by his native sails,
 The bold *Columbus* still designs
 To her undiscovered mines :
 To th' *Indies* of her arm he flies
 Fraught both with East and Western prize,
 Which when he had in vain assaid,
 Arm'd like a dapper Lance-prefaid
 With *Spanish* pike, he broach't a pore,
 And so both made and heal'd the sore :
 For as in gummy trees there's found
 A salve to issue at the wound.
 Of this her breach the like was true,
 Hence trickled out a balsome too,
 But oh ! what wasp was't that could prove
Ravilliack to my *Queen of Love* ?
 The King of Bees now's jealous grown
 Lest her beam should melt his Throne :
 And finding that th's tribute slacks,
 H's Burgesses and state of wax
 Turn'd to an Hospitall, the combs,
 Built rank and file like Beads-mens rooms,
 And what they bleed but tart and sowre,
 Marcht with my *Dana's* golden showre,
 Live-Hony all, the envious elfe
 Stung her, cause sweeter than himself.
 Sweetness and the being so ally'd,
 The *Bee* committed parricide.

An

AN
ELEGIE
UPON
D^r. CHADERTON

The first Master of Emanuel
College in *Cambridge*, being above
an hundred years old when he died.

Occasioned by his long-deferred FVNERAL

Pardon dear (Saint) that we so late,
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate;
And with an after-shower of verse,
And tears, we thus bedew thy hearse:
Till now (alas) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep:
Thou lividst so long, we did not know,
Whether thou couldst now die or no:
We lookt still, when thou shouldst arise
And ope the casements of thine eyes:
Thy feet, which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on;
Thine ears after the hundredth year,
Might now plead custom for to hear:
Upon thy head, that reverend snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,

And

And then thy cheeks did seem to have
The sad resemblance of a grave.

Wert thou e're young ? for truth I hold,
And do beleevè thou wert born old,
There's none alive I'm sure can say
They knew thee young but alwayes gray:
And dost thou now, ven'erable Oak,
Decline at deaths unhappy stroak ?

N Tell me (dear soul) why didst thou die,
Leaving us to write an Elegy ?

iel We're young ? (alas) and know thee not,
ve Send up old *bram* and grave *Lot*,
d. To write thy Epitaph, and tell

R AL The world thy worth, they kend thee well:
When they were boys they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angell did them teach.

Awake them, thenand let them come,
And score thy virtues on thy tomb,
That we at those may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

D

MA

M A R I E S SPIKENARD.

SHall I presume,
Without Perfume
My Christ to meet
That is all sweet?

NO, I'll make most pleasant Posies,
Catch the *breath of new blown Roses*,
Top the pretty merry flowers,
Which *laugh* in the *fairest bowers*,
Whose sweetness heaven likes so well,
It *stoops* each morn take a smell.

Then I'll fetch from the *Phoenix nest*
The richest *spices*, and the best,
Precious Ointments I will make,
Holy Myrrh and *Aloes* take;
Yea costly *Spikenard*, in whose smell
The sweetness of all odours dwell.
I'll get a *box* to keep it in,
Pure, as his *Alabaster skin*,
And then to him I'll *ambly* fly
Before *one sickly minute eye*:
This *Box* I'll break, and on his head
This precious *oyntment* will I spread

There is no Syntax between a Cap of Maintenance and a Helmet: Who ever knew an Enemy routed by a Grand-Jury and a *Billa vera*? It is a left handed Garrison where their authority performs, but the more preposterous the more in fashion: the right hand fights while the left hand rules the reins: the Truth is, the Souldier, and the Gentleman are like *Don Quixot* and *Sancho Pancha*, one fights at all adventures to purchase the other the Government of the Island. A Committee-man properly should be the Governor's Marross to fit his truckle, and to new-string him with sinews of War for his chief use, to raise Assessments in the neighbouring Wapentake.

The Country-people being like an Irish Cow, that will not give down her milk unless she see her Calf before her: Hence it is he is the Garri-son's dry Nurse, he chews their contribution before he feeds them; so the poor Souldiers live like *Trochilus*, by picking the teeth of this sated Crocodile.

So much for his warlike or ammunition face, which is so preternatural, that it is rather a vizard than a face. *Mars* in him hath but a blinking aspect, his *face of Arms* is like his *Coat*, *partie per pale*, Souldier and Gentleman, much of a scantling.

Now enter his Taxing and deglabing face, a squeezeing look, like that of *Vespasianus*, as if he were brooding over a clost-stool. Take him thus and he is the Inquisition of the purse; an authentick Gypsie, that nips your bung with a canting Ordinance; not a murdered fortune in all the Country but bleeds at the touch of this Malefactor.

He

90 The Character of a
He is the spleen of the Body Politick, that swells
it self to the Consumption of the whole : At first
indeed he ferreted for the Parliament, but since
he hath got off his Cope, he set up for himself, he
lives upon the sins of the people, and that's a
good standing dish too, he verifies the Axiom
Isdem Nutritur ex quibus compositu, his diet is sui-
table to his constitution. I have wondered of-
ten why the plundered Country-men should re-
pair to him for succour, certainly it is under the
same notion as one whose pockets are pickt goes
to *Mol Cut-Purse* as the predominant in that fa-
culty.

He outdives a Dutch-man, gets a Noble of him
that was never worth six pence, for the poorest
escape not, but Dutch-like, he will be dreyning
even in the driest ground; he aliens a Delinquents
estate with as little remorse as his other Holyness
gives away an Hereticks Kingdom, & for the truth
of the Delinquency, both Chapmen have as little
share of Infallibility. Hee is the Grand Sallad of
arbitrary Government, Executor to the Star-Cham-
ber, and High-Commission, for those courts are
not extinct, they survive in him like Dollars chan-
ged into single moneys: To speak the truth, he is
the universal Tribunal: For since these times all
causes fall to his Cognizance, as in a great infecti-
on all diseases oft turn to the Plague. It concerns
our Masters the Parliament to look about them,
if he proceeds at this rate, the Jack may come to
swallow the Pike; as the Interest often eats out
the Principal. As his commands are great, so he
looks for a reverence accordingly. He is very pun-
ctual in exacting your hat, & to say right, it is his
due

due, but by the same title, as the upper garment
 is the vails of the Executioner. There was a time
 when such Cattel would have hardly been taken
 upon suspicion for men in office, unless the old
 Proverb were renewed, that beggars make a free
 Company, and chose their Wardens. You may
 see what it is to hang together, look upon them
 severally, and you cannot but fumble for some
 shreds of charity; But oh they are Tarmagants in
 Conjunction! like Fiddlers, who are rogues when
 they go single; and joynd in consort, gentle-
 men Musicians. I care not much if I untwist
 my Committee-man, and so give him the receipt
 of this grand Catholicon. Take a State Martyr,
 one that for his good behaviour hath paid the
 Excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the
 Land-Piracy of Shipmoney, next a Primitive
 Free-holder, one that hates the King, because he
 is a Gentleman transgressing the *Magna charta* of
 saving *Adam*. Add to these a mortified Bank-
 rupt, that helps out his false Weights with some
 Cuples of Conscience, and with his peremptory
 sales can doom his Prince with a *Mene tekel*.
 These, with a new blu-stocking'd Justice lately
 made of a good basket-hilted Yeoman, with a
 short handed Clerk tackt to the Rear of him, to
 carry the Knapack of his understanding, toge-
 ther with two or three Equivocal Sirs, whose
 Religion like their Gentility is the extract of
 their Acres, being therefore spirituall, because
 they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the
 Law, whose corruption gives the Hogan to the
 sincere Junco. These are the simples of this pre-
 cious Compound, a kind of Dutch hotch potch,
 the Hog's Mogan Committee-man.

A

E

A Committee man hath a Side-man, or rather a setter height, a Sequestrator, of whom you may say, as of the great Sultans horse, where he treads the grass grows no more. He is the States Com-moran, one that fishes for the Publique, but feeds himself; the misery is, he fishes without the Com-morants property, a rope to strangle the gul-let, and to make him disgorge. A Sequestrator! He is the Devils Nut-hook, the sign with him is alwayes in the clutches, There is more Mon-sters retain to him, than to all the limbs in Ana-tomy. It is strange Physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate Feaver, he draws far beyond Pigeons. I hope some Mount-bank will slice him, and make the Experiment. He is a Tooth-drawer once removed, here is all the difference, one applauds the Grinder, and the other the Grist. Neither till now could I verifie the poets description, that the ravenous Harpie had a humane visage. Death ie self cannot quit scores with him; Like the Demoniack in the Gos-pel, he lives among Tombs, nor is all the holy water shed by Widdows and Orphans, a suffici-ent Exorcism to dispossesse him. Thus the Cat sucks your breath, and the Fiends your blood. Nor can the brotherhood of Witchfinders, so sagely instituted, with all their terror, wean the Familiars.

But once more to single out my imboist Com-mittee man, his fate (for I know you would faine see an end of him) is either a whipping Audit when he is wrung in the withers by a Committee of Examinations, and so the sponge weeps out the moisture which he soaked before, Or else he

father meets his passing peal in the clamorous mutiny
of a gut founded Garrison : For the Hedge Spar-
row will be feeding the Cuckow, till he mis-
takes his commons, and bites off her head. What-
ever 'tis, it is within his desert : For what is ob-
served of some creatures, that at the same time
they trade in productions three stories high,
suckling the first, big with the second, and
clicketing for the third. A Committee-man is
the Counter point, his mischiefs superferation,
is a certain scale of destruction ; for he ruins
the father, beggers the son, and strangles the
hopes of all posterity,

E 2

Upon

Upon a Scratch on a Ladies Arm.

(white

HOW came this *freak* of red here where pure
 Without such mixture ever took delight ?
 Why doth thy Arm thus blush ? unlesse it bee
 That all thy parts give signs of Modestie.
 I doubt some Pin (conceiving not its Blisse
 To touch thy Flesh) hath ta'n too rude a Kisse ;
 For what would Scratch, intending to disgrace ,
 An arm of Beautie, but a brazen Face ?
 For which 't was doom'd to be beheaded, why
 Should Natures Prides worst Foe so nobly die ?
 Let me pronounce the sentence ; for I'm bent
 (If Judge) to give severer Punishment.
 First make it crooked, never to be set ,
 In row and Order from the Paper Net.
 Exild an entire twelvemonth for to lie
 In nastie Dunghills, where the Beggars Eye
 Is only fixt, who having rak't and look't
 For Rags and Pins shall curse this being crookt.
 This year expir'd shall end the Beggars Hate ,
 Then wandring Tinkers once more knock it strait
 To offer as a Present to your Trulls ,
 Till carelesse losse this Punishment annuls.
 Next may it be imprison'd all alone ,
 For Canker worms and Rust to feed upon (Grief
 (Till the ropes Kinsman) that hangs Fears and
 Therewith shall pin condemned Handkerchiefs ;
 This don't shall serve to joyn old totter'd cloath
 Set upon Lands to Scare the theeving Crows ;
 From which released (when other Pins do play
 Pusht into Pastime) Boys throw this away ;

Lan

Last Fil'd to Pindust, bee't confin'd to Iye
 On cursed scrowls that bear the Memorie
 Of wicked Murderers; Thus let it bee
 Tormented ever, that the world may see,
 When Beautie suffers, Fates themselves Ordain
 For senselesse things an everlasting Pain.

Parting with a Friend on the way.

THe horses at their suddain turning, thus
 Transcribe my self the torn *Hippo* in;
 No Traytor suffers a more quarter'd Fate
 When doom'd to stride from *Iud* to *Bishops-Gate*,
 Hither and thither at once: Thus every sphere
 Does by a double Motion interfere;
 And when my Native Form enclines mee East
 By my first Mover I am ravish'd West.
 Peace fond Philosopher, thy Problems done,
 No Rest i'th' Point of my Reflection.
 My **T**ropick whirls me to a distant soyl:
 The Bullet flying makes the Gun recoil.
 Dea h's but a separation, though indor't
 With spade and Javelin, we are thus Divor't;
 My soul hath taken Wings, and now I feel
 My Corps returning to its Principle.
 But Death's not all; Reluctance tugs the curse,
 With black Despair; Ask but the aged nurse,
 She proves salvation from a Death thats mild,
 He went away just like a Christo Child;
 But Love (like *Cacus*) makes me travell so,
 My Feet still contradict me as I go.

In proof whereof see how this Foundred Rhine,
Hunts Counter, and rebounds into your Climes
My splay foot Journey is both right and wrong,
Backward is forward in the *Hebrew* toung; (thee,
Then since my soul bends North-wards thus with
Let thine the counterpain goe South with me.

On a Gentlewoman that died in the
Night, Snow falling the Next Morning.

O ^{think}ft shall you see the *heavens* so black, you'd
Next *shower* it rayn'd 'twould rain a shower
of Ink. (war,
Clouds weep such sable tears, when Plagues or
Famine, or bloody Massacre.
Makes Sextons rich; Or when some *witch* or *Fund*,
Traytor or Murderer, comes to his End,
When such men die the *Clouds* wear *pitchy weeds*,
And rain a *shower* as black as was their Deeds:
But see how Innocence transforms the skie,
The *Heavens* do mourn in white when *Virgins* die,
And cause the *Guilty* Night stole her away,
The Clouds did Penance in a sheet all Day.

On *Princess Elizabeth* born the night before
New-Years Day.

A Strologers say *Venus* the same starr,
Is both our *Hesperus* and *Lucifer*;

The

The Antitype, this *Venus* makes it true,
 Shee shuts the old year, and begins the new.
 Her Brother with a star at noon was born,
 She like a star, both of the even, and Morn.
 Count ore the stars (*Fair Queen*) in Babes, & vie,
 With every year a new Epiphanie.

Humane Inconstancy.

THe Worlds a Tennis Court, man is the Ball,
 Toss'd 'gainst the Wall,
 High soaring Thoughts and languishing Despair,
 The Rackets are,
 Content the Line, our strayns of oae and under
 Like balls of Thunder,
 Bid all (who build their Hopes on *Towers of Air*)
 Take heed since fall they must, their fall be fair.

Last Night I lookd up to promotions skie,
 There did I spie
 A star whose Greatnesse was with Glory mixt,
 But 'twas not fixt,
 For when the Pleiades begun to play
 It thrunk away,
 And taught Astrologers by this to know,
 That Meteors are no Subitance but a show.

From thence to Church I went thinking to pray,
 'Twas Holyday,
 But from a farre the High Priests Ghost did Cry
 Oh Come not nigh,

Our

Our Sanctuary is with blood defil'd ,
And Truth's exil'd :
Bethel Bethaven is , *Doeg* treads down
The Priestly Myter and imperial Crown.

Affrighted with these horrid shows at last ,
 Mine eyes I cast
 Up to great *Char's* his Wayn, when soon I find
 That *Boreas* Wind
 Had blasted all his Hopes, and made him trie
 Th' uncertaintie
 Of humane Glory, which with flatt'ring smiles
 At first embraces, but i'th' End beguiles.

Tis strange to see how spiders oft do spin
A trifling Gin,
To trap a Gnat ; But Man with anxious Care
Contrives a Snare
For his own Foot; And whilst that wretched He
Strives to be free,
In vain he toyles ; For who can shun a fall
When Heaven writes *Mene Tekel* on the wall.

Adieu then brainfick Pleasures, get you gone,
 Let me alone,
 I'll drink o'th' Brook, and eat o'th' Honycombe,
 In Peace at home,
 Not striving to be great, but good, for loe
 Th' Event doth shew,
 That outward Gilding cannot serve to hide,
 The Ruines of a rotten inward Side.

To Julia to expedite her promise.

S Ince 'tis my Doom, Love's under-Shrieve,
Why thus reprieve?

Why dorth my She-Advowson fly
Incumbency?

Panting expectance makes us prove
The Anticks of benighted Love,
And withered Mates when wedlock joyns,
They'r *Hymens* Monkeys which he tyes by th'
To play (alas!) but at Rebared Foyns. (loyns
To sell thy self dost thou intend

By Candle end?

And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's Taper out?

Think but how soon the Market fails;
Your Sex lives faster than the males,
As if to measure Age's span
The Sober *Juban* were th' Account of Man,
Whilst you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.

Now since you bear a Date so short
Live double for't.

How can thy fortress ever stand
If't be not man'd?

The Siege so gains upon the Place,
Thoul't find the Trenches in thy Face,
Pity thy self then, if not me,
And hold not out, lest (like *Ostend*) thou be
Nothing but Rubbish ar Delivery.

The Candidates of *Peter's* chair
Must plead gray hair,

And use the Simony of a cough
To help them off;

E 5

But

Not to kill Swine or Cows, but man and friend ;
 Who are an whole Court-martiall in your drink ,
 And dispute Honour, when you cannot think
 Not orderly, but prate our valour, as
 You go inspir'd by th' oracle of the Glasse ;
 Then (like our zeal-drunk Presbyters) cry down
 All Law of Kings and God, but what's their own ;
 Then y' have the gift of fighting, can discern
 Spirits, who's fit to act, and who to learn ,
 Who shall be baffled next, who must be beat ,
 Who kill'd, that you may drink, & swear and eat :
 Whilst you applaud those murthers which you
 (teach,

And live upon the wounds your Riots preach.

Meer booty souls ! who bids us fight a prize
 To feast the laughter of our enemies ;
 Who shout, & clap at wounds, count it pure gain,
 Mere providence to hear a *Compton's* slain.
 A name they dearly hate, & justly ; should (blood ;
 They lov't 'twere worst, their love would taint the
 Blood alwayes true, true as their swords and cause,
 And never vainly lost, till your wild Laws
 Scandal'd their actions in this person, who
 Truly durst more than you dare think to do.
 A man made up of graces, every Move
 Had entertainment in it, and drew Love (grave
 From all but him who kill'd him, who seeks a
 And fears a death more shameful than he gave.

Now you dread Hectors ! you whom tyrant drink
 Drags thrice about the Town, what do you think ?
 (If you be sober) Is it valour ? say !
 To overcome, and then to run away.

Fie, fie, your lusts and Duels both are one ,
 Both are repented of as soon as done,

How

How the COMMENCEMENT
grows new.

IT is no *Curranto*-news I undertake ,
 New teacher of the Town, I mean not to make,
 No *New-England* voyage my Muse does intend ,
 No new fleet, no bold fleet, nor bonny fleet send ,
 But if you'l be pleas'd to hear bnt this ditty ,
 I'll tell you some news as true and as witty ;
And how the Commencement grows new.

See how the Symony Doctors abound ,
 All crowding to throw away forty pound ,
 They'l now in their wives stammel petticoats va-
 Without any need of an argument draper , (per,
 Beholding to none he neither beseeches ,
 This friend for Ven'son , nor tother for speeches.
And so the Commencement grows new.

Every twice a day teaching Gaffer
 Brings up his Easter book to chaffer ,
 Nay some take degrees who never had steeple ,
 Whose means like degrees comes from places of
 They come to the fair, & at the first Pluck, (people
 The Toll-man *Barnaby* strikes 'um good luck.
And so, &c.

The Country Parsons they do not come up
 On Tuesday night in their old College to sup ,
 Their bellies and table-books equally full ,
 The next Lecture dinner their notes for to pull ;
 How bravely the *Margaret* Professor disputed ,
 The Homilies urg'd & the school-men confuted.
And so, &c. The

The Inceptor brings not his father, the clown,
 To look with his mouth at his Grogoram gown,
 With like admiration to eat roasted beef,
 Which invention pos'd his beyond-Trent-belief:
 Who, should he but hear our Organs once sound,
 Could scarce keep his hoof from Sallengers round,
And so, &c.

(latin,
 The Gentleman comes not to shew us his (latin,
 To look with some judgment at him that speaks
 To be angry with him that makes not his cloath
 To answer, O Lord Sir, and talk play-book oaths,
 And at the next beat baiting (full of his sack)
 To tell his Comrades our disciplin's slack.
And so the Commencement grows new.

We have no Prevaricators wit,
 Ay marry Sir, when have you had any yet?
 Besides no serious Oxford man comes,
 To cry down the use of Jestings and hums.
 Our ballad, believ't, is no stranger than true;
 Mum Salter is sober and Jack Martin too.
And so the Commencement grows new.

Englands Jubile.

WE sing of Athens and another Greece,
 A second Chalchas, & the Golden Fleece;
 Heperides, Mines, Minces, and reformation,
 Statnre and Service- book o'th' newest fashion;
 Here's

Here's joy indeed, for which we triumph now,
 Having the Fleece he had that shorn his Sow.
 A Castle in the Air, a glorious thing,
 A Church, a Kingdome, without a Priest or King
 A Sum of Cyphers, an unvalued prize,
 A fine new nothing, the fools Paradise.
 Those Pipes of froth, Guilt sheets in Lives Hides
 A Blank in folio, and a Blew besides.
 A Title Page, an Index, nought that should be,
 A something was, nought is, a thing that would be
 Old *Eden* emblem'd by Onyon beds,
 A plot of ground all overgrown with heads;
Troy's Sepulchre, *Babel* in Majesty,
Athenian shops, see what you lack and buy,
 New Doctrines piping hot, a new found broom
 To cleanse the house and sweep away the Room;
 New Texts, new Proofs, new Applications,
 Reasons beyond the Moon, and Illustrations
 As pertinent, as't makes no matter what,
 Similes, no Tap-lash in the world so flat.
 Our Seas have new Fisher-men, new Nets,
 Old *England* planted with New-*Englands* Sets.
 No more old Liturgies, wee'l none of that,
 But a pure Directory of God knows what:
 New Size and Sessions, a grave Committee
 That nere saw Court or University.
 New Justices of Yeomen of the best,
 Or of the first head Gentlemen at least;
 All things fire new: To emblazen all in brief
 In a field Gules, Anarchy, Or in Chief:
 Blest be the time that brought this Liberty,
 And eas'd us of the yolk of Loyalty;
 Indulging all Offences 'gainst the Laws
 In order to advance the holy Cause;

For which & all that's good, which none remem-
 Besides *Kimbolton* & the five dear members, (bers ,
 We thank the Lords and Commons, next the Peers
 O'th' Lower house, and next to these the Ears
 Of *Burtan*, *Bastwick*, *Pynn*, and many more ,
 To give the Devil his due, we thank the Whore
 Of *Babylon* so call'd, whose pure fine Smock ,
 Lawn-sleeves and Surplis the Autichristian frock
 Advanc'd the work and furthered our desire ,
 Ministring Tinder to that holy fire.
 We thank the grand and close Committees , and
 The Common Councel the Oracles of the land ;
 We thank Diurnalists, and Pamphlet writers ,
 New Mynters, Mongers, Coyners and Inditers ,
 'Mongst and 'bove these as bound, him we thank
 Whose throat's as sweet, as any *Golgotha* : (aye
 That sweet hot *Adder*, deep mouth'd *Cerberus*,
Belphegus, *Belial's* Heir, *Britannicus*.
 We thank *Astrologers*, *Booker*, *Lilly* .
 The forty shilling Free-holders, and the Silly
 Petitioners, who throughout all the land
 Not knowing how to write, set down their brand ;
 Nay more than so, we thank both her and him
 Who shouted out and cry'd a *Pym* a *Pym* :
 We thank *Jac Straw* and valiant *Tyler's* brand,
 Who as occasion serv'd was still at hand
 Forcing a passage where it was not made ,
 Chasing *Astrea* with a naked blade ;
 And as the opinion of all the summe ,
 We thank we know not who for what is done :
 In memory of whose great worth we have
 One Holy-day, and only one, *St. Slave*.

THE CHARACTER OF A Diurnall Maker.

A DIURNAL-MAKER is the Sub-
almoner of History, Queen *Mabs* Re-
gister; one, whom by the same figure,
that a North-Country Pedlar is a Mer-
chant-man, you may stile an Author, It is the
like over-reach of Language; where every thing
tinder cloaked Quack, a Doctor; when a Clumsy
Cobler usurps the attribute of our English Peers
and is vamped a translator, list him a Writer and
you smother *Geoffrey* in swabberslops, the very
name of *Dabler* over-sets him, he is swallow'd up
in the praise like *Sir Samuel Luke* in a great Sa-
dle, nothing to be seen but the giddy Feather in
his Crown. They call him a *Mercury*, but he be-
comes the Epithite, like the little *Negro* mounted
on the Elephant; just such another blot rampant.
He has not stuffings sufficient for the reproach
of a Scribler, but it hangs about him like an old
wives skin, when the flesh hath forsaken her, lank
and loose. He defames a good title, as well as
most of our modern Noble men, those *Wenches* of
greatnesse, the Body politicks most peccant hu-
mours, blistred into Lords. He hath so raw-
boned a Being, that how ever you render him, he
rubs it out, and makes rags of the expression.

The

R The silly Country man (who seeing an Ape in a scarlet coat, blest his young worship, and gave his Landlord joy of the hopes of his house) did not slander his Complement with worse application, than he that names this shred an Historian. To call him an Historian, is to Knight a Man-trake, it is to view him thorow a Perspective, and by that grosse Hyberbole to give the reputation of an Engineer to a maker of Mouse-traps. Such an Historian would hardly passe muster with a Scotch Stationer in a sieve-full of Ballads & goddy Beuks. He would not serve for the Breast-plate of a begging Græcian. The most cramped *Compendium* that the age hath seen since all learning was torn into ends, out-strips him by the head: I have heard of Puppets, that could prattle in a play, but never saw of there writings before. There goes a report of the *Holland* women, that together with their children they are delivered of Sooterkin; not unlike to a rat, which some imagine to be the off-spring of the Stoves: I know not what *ignis fatuus* adulterates the Presse, but it seems much after that fashion, else how could this Vermin think to be a Twin to a legitimate Writer, when those weekly fragments shall pass for History? let the poor mans box be intituled the Exchequer, and the alms-basket a Magazine. Not a worm that gnaws on the dull scalp of voluminous *Hollinshed*, but at every meal devoured more Chronicle than his tribe amounts to. A marginal note of *William Pryne* would serve for a binding-sheet for that mans works, like thick skinned fruits are all rinde, fit for nothing but the authors fate, to be pared in a Pillory.

The

The Cook, who served up the Dwarf in a Pye (to continue the frolique) might have lapped up such an Historian as this in the bill of fare. He is the first tincture and rudiment of a Writer, dipped as yet in the preparative blew, like an Almanack well-willer. He is the *Cadet* of a Pamphlet, the *Pedee* of a Romancer. He is the *Embrio* of a History, flunked before maturity; How should he record the issues of time, who himself is an abortive? I will not say but he may passe for an Historian in *Gerbiers* Academy, he is much of size of those knot-grasse professors; What a pitiful Seminar was there projected, yet suitable enough to the present Universities, those dry Nurses, which the providence of the age hath so fully reformed that they are turned Reformadoes. But that is no matter, the meaner the better: it is a Maxim observable in these dayes, that the only way to win the game is to play *petty Johns*. Of this number is the Esquire of the quill; for he hath the grudging of *History*, and some yawnings, accordingly. Writing is a disease in him, and holds like a quotidian, so it is his infirmity that makes him an Author. As *Mahomet* was beholding to the falling sicknesse to vouch him a *Prophet*. That nice Artificer who filed a Chain so thin and light that a Flea could trail it, (as if he had worked short-hand, and taught his tools to cypher) did but contrive an Embleme for this skip-jack and his slight productions.

Me thinks the *Turk* should licence Diurnals because he prohibits learning and books. A Library of Diurnals is a wardrope of frippery, it is just Idea of the Limbo of Infants, I saw one of the

a Py that could write with his toes, by the same token
 ped u could have wished he had worn his copies for
 He socks; it is he without doubt, from whom the Di-
 dippe urnals derive their pedigree, and they have a
 anack birth-right accordingly, being shuffled out at the
 t, the beds feet of History. To what infinite numbers
 Hist an Historian would multiply, should he crumble
 recor into Elves of this profession? *Legioned Pymme*,
 ive whose flesh bred such a world of Executors, as
 rian being made of the row of a Herring, of nothing
 f those else but compacted nits, did not disband his body
 minar in more variety. To supply this smallness, they are
 to the ain to joyn force s, so they are not singly, but as
 ch the he custom is, in a croaking Committee; They
 ed the ug at the Pen, like slaves at the Oar, a whole
 no man ank together; they write in the posture that the
 obsewedes give fire in, over one anothers heads. It is
 win the id there is more of them go to a suit of cloaths,
 mber than to a *Britannicus*; In this Polygamy the
 udg cloaths breed, and cannot determine whose issue
 . Wh lawfully begotten.

And here I think it were not amiss to take a
 particular how he is accoutered, and so doe by
 im, as he in his *Siquis* for the wall-eyed Mare,
 the crop fleabitten, give you the marks of the
 east. I begin with his head, which is ever in the
 slouts, as if the night-cap should make *affidavit*
 at the brain was pregnant. To what purpose
 ch the *Pia Mater* lie in so dully, in her white
 formalities! sure she hath hard labour; for the
 rows have squeezed for it, as you may perceive
 A his buttered bongrace, that film of a demica-
 er, it is so thin and unctuous, that the Sun-beams
 mistake it for a vapour, and are like to cap him;
 so

so it is right *Heliotrope*, it creaks in the shine, and flaps in the shade. Whatever it bee, I wisht it were able to call in his ears; there is no proportion betwixt that head and appurtenances; those of all Luggs are mo more fit for that small Noddle of the circumcision, than brass bosses for a *Geneva Bible*. In what a puzzling neutrality is that poor soul that moves betwixt two such ponderous byasses? His coller is wedged with a piece of peeping linnen, by which he means a *band*, it is the forlorn of his shirt crawling out of his neck, indeed it is time that his shirt were jogging, for it hath served him an Apprentiship, and (as prentices use) it hath learned his trade too, to which effect it is marching to the Paper Mill, and the next week sets up for his self in the shape of a *Pamphlet*. His *Gloves* are the shavings of his hands; for he casts his skin like a cancelled parchment, the Itch represents the broken seals. His Boots are the Legasies of two black Jacks, and till he pawned the silver that the Jacks were tipped with, it was a pretty mode of boot-hoof tops. For the rest of his habit, he is a perfect seaman, a kind of Interpawlin, he being hanged about with his coarse composition those Poledavie papers.

But I must draw to an end, for every Character is an Anatomy-Lecture, and it fares with me in this of the *Diurnal-maker*, as with him that reads on a begged Malefactor; my subject smiles before I have gone half thorow him: for a parting blow then, the word *Historian* imports a sage and solemn Author, one that curls his brow with sullen gravity, like a Bull-necked Presbyter, fine

the Army hath got him off his jurisdiction, who
 and Presbyter-like, sweeps his breast with a reverend
 were heard, full of native mofle-troopers. Not such a
 rition quiting scribe as this that is troubled with the
 se of Rickets, and makes peniworths of History. The
 oddle College-Treasury, that never had in bank above
 never a Harry-groat, shut up there in a melancholy
 that solitude, like one that is kept to keep possession,
 onde had as good evidence to shew for his Title, as he
 piece for an Historian: so if he needs will be an Histo-
 it is, he is not cited in the *Sterling* acception, but
 neck after the rate of blew caps reckoning an Historian
 g, for *Scot*. Now a *Scotch*-mans tongue runs high *Fal-*
 prent *James*, there is a cheat in his Idiom; for the
 which sense ebbs from the bold expression, like the
 d the *Citizens Gallon*, which the drawer interprets but
 e of *half a pint*. In sum, a *Diurnal-maker* is the ante-
 ot his mark of an Historian, he differs from him as a
 elled Drill from a man (or if you had rather have it in
 seals the Saints gibberish) as a *Hinter* doth from a
 Jacks *Hold forth*

*A Letter to a Friend dissuading him from his
 attempt to marry a NUN.*

SIR,

THOUGH no mans Arms can be open'd wider to
 receive you on shore, and give you possesi-
 on of this breast, yet I know not whether with the
 usual complement, I may welcome you home, as
 doubting your Country may have mew'd that
 relation in so long an absence, the having expos'd
 her noblest issue, being conviction enough to make
 you disclaim her. Besides, there is such a new face
 of things since your departure, that what was for-
 merly the Character of the Inhabitant, is now
 the

the Hingdoms, *To be a stranger at home*, inſomuch as were you deſign'd for a ſecond journey, it might be part of your buſineſſe to travel other Countries in queſt of your own. Indeed ſhe is ſuch an Alien in her looks, that moſt of her Offspring dare not aſk her bleſſing; her countenance is not denizen of her ſelf, you would think her to be ſome floating Iſland, that had made a voyage only to truck for an outlandiſh viſage. Some, who have ſpell'd her lineaments, ſay, ſhe copies out the *Dutch*, and to make good the parallel, they doubt not to inſtance in our *Hogen* Governours. It is in a broken Kingdom, as in a crack'd Looking-glaſſe, where inſtead of one face, that Monarch-like ſhould repreſent the whole, you may ſee variety of leſſer ones glimmering in its room, and the Aspects of all of them fierce and frowning. Well then a foreiner ſhe is, and her complexion borrowed; ſo that as our new Philoſophers would have the Earth to move, and the Heavens ſtand ſtill, the ſame may be ſaid of the State of ours, and the Royal train that you were part of. It was the Kingdom wandered: not you that leſt it. You are fix'd, and *England* in exile. Whence a Country reels from its ſetled poſture, there is no defection in him that quits it, it having firſt abandon'd it ſelf. In this caſe, though it be a fallacy, in the ſenſe, it holds good in reaſon, that the ſhore moves and falls off from the Saylor. Whence you ſee, Sir, there is ſome poſſibility I might re-verse your travels, were it not for one argument which abundantly confirms them, the ſage experience you have treaſur'd up in your obſervations for no ſooner had you loſt your native ſoil, but by cel

much of reprisal you took in others. The Domi-
 ons you visit you carry along with you, and by
 the victorious industry make them pay tribute to
 your understanding: not like a number of our
 Offaring Gallants, who return so empty and with-
 out their errand, as if their travel, like Witches in
 the Air, were nothing but the wastage of a delu-
 sion and phantasy, perswading themselves that they
 circled the Globe, when the Card they say by, is
 nothing else but a slumbering imposture. But
 doubtless we are too grave Sir; what if we unbend
 it a while, and presume to tell you that in all your
 ranting, there is no adventure so much affects
 the heart, as that of the *Nun*? where I cannot deter-
 mine, whether your love it self were more ex-
 traordinary, or the form of accosting it: For although it
 seems natural for jealousy to study Fornication, and
 every Cuckold within his own precincts to be an
 engineer, yet never before have I heard of a Mi-
 sress fenc'd with a port-cullis, for an amorous
 visit managed with the caution, which suspicious
 use in an interview. This manner of gree-
 ting may not unfitly be termed *Cupids barriers*,
 where rather than a combat, where
 the dallying Champions have a rail to part them,
 that they may not fight it out to the uttermost.
 Had your old Romancing spirit possess'd you, the
 sword and shield'd blade would have freed the Lady from
 her enchanted durance; nor had you been less
 concerned in the rescue, than the fair Recluse; for
 who that blows short in expectation of his love,
 and in that heat of impatience, should be sever'd
 from his hopes by a few envious bars; would not
 he feel himself like another *S. Laurence* broyl'd on
 a Grid-iron?

a Gridiron? But see how customs vary with the climate; as there are some Regions who salute one another by putting off their shoes instead of the hats, so it seems where you have been, there is for a different a form of imprisonment: the Prison you is at large and without the grate wishing for admittance, & she, at whose suite his soul is arrested, is close clapt up and abridged of liberty. Sure now, this grate these *Chrysom-*lovers called *Platonick* world had their first training, those queisic gamesters that diet themselves with the very notion of mingling over souls, without putting their bodies to farther bondage than kissing of hands, and twisting of eyes beams. For your part Sir, you are none of the insatiable gulping stomachs, you have an appetite for a whole *Cloister*. It is but trifling sports for you to pursue down the Outlier unless you leap the pale, armed let slip at the herd. I wonder what exorcism the Abbess used to get quit of the *Incubus*; for could she not checked your hovering temptations, make I am confident by this time you had transformed you the Covent, and turn'd the *Nunnery* into a *Seraglio*. But in sober sadness why a *Nun*? Sir, how came you out of the active torrent into that solitary creek! Princes seldom treat of *Matches*, but in foreign Dominions, your affections take great even state as fixing upon another world; had your passion been centred on the beauty of her soul, I had looked upon it as the act of your conversion, such a love might justly have been Christened by the name of Zeal, being settled on a person, on whom more to be enamoured is in a sort to take Orders. Here it is, there want not some who suspect your Religion, lest equivocating from the beauty of her person

tion, to that of her profession, you would turn Monastick. Others, who are better acquainted with the warmth of your temper, are rather solicitous for the Church in general, for fear lest with Luther you should marry a Nun, and so with him to make her a Jointure in a new Religion. If this be your color, consider I pray you how difficult it is to innovate farther in this age of Novelties, when the world is so spent in new inventions, that for want of gain, even rust and rottenness are flourished over with a seeming verdure; Not one of all those broeldam Heresies, that did penance formerly by the doom of the Antients, but hath cast her skin since these confusions, and giveth her self out for a blooming Virgin. But I think I may spare this piece of counsel: I dare be your compurgator for meddling with Religion. That which fir'd your spirits, was the ambition of the enterprize; nor could you entertain a more aspiring frenzy, but by making love to a glorified body. Tell me, I pray you, how many beads did you drop in wooing? By what Liturgy did you frame your courtship? Laick applications are here scandalous, nor will it avail to say you languish without her compassion: A sensual man is able to vitiate the vestal flame even by his Martyrdom. Other lovers in the jollity of their trope use to canonize their Mistresses, as being of opinion, that the native rubrick of their cheeks hath hallowed them; will you run counter to that consecration, and degrade a Saint by moral addresses? If you have no room in your Kalender for persons upon Earth, yet do not prophane a Probationer of Heaven, as if the readiest way to rectifie Superstition, were with our mo-

dern Reformers to bow it into Atheism. Let me
 advise you Sir, to retrieve your self back from this
 carnal sacrilege. Catch not at *Herostratus* his ill
 fame, by setting fire on the Temple; and dispute
 not a shape of guilt with *Lucifer*, in causing a se-
 cond fall of Angels: Nay, never start Sir, nor
 look about at the expression; for I perswade my
 self, that those Divines, who allot to each of us
 a Tutelar Angel for our protection, would not pre-
 judice their opinion, should they leave her to her
 own tuition, as hardly knowing in such a person
 how to distinguish between the Charge and the
 Guardian. Sir, I was entreated by our noble
 Friend, that what my phantasie suggested upon
 this subject, I would mould into number; but I
 must beg your pardons, it being a request with
 which to comply were to be your fellow-criminal,
 and by a conformity of Guilt to pervert a votary;
 for even my Muse is vowed and veild too, she is sent
 apart for the service of my Mistress; and what is
 that but even true Religion? The truth is, she
 is so charily confined to that sole employment, that
 should I in verse attempt to yield you an accompt,
 how much I honor you, not a whole grove of Lau-
 rel would bribe her to a Distick, whereas in tran-
 sitory prose, were I Master of all those Langua-
 ges, which I make no question but you have gain'd
 by your travels, I should hold them all too few
 to give you sufficient assurance that I am,

Sir,

Your Most faithfull,

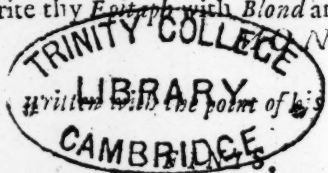
May

Which th' Earth late drunk in so profuse a flood,
Not shoot through her affrightned womb, & make
All her convulsed Arteries to shake
So long, till all those hinges that sustain,
Like Nerves, the frame of nature, shrink again
Into a shuffled Chaos? Does the Sun
Not suck it from its liquid Mansion,
And still it into vap'rous Clouds, which may
Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
Whose shaggy and dishevel'd Beams may be
On the tapers at this black solemnity?
You Seed of Marble in the Womb accust,
Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigress nurs't;
Or fed by some Plague, which in blind mists was
To strew infection on the tainted World, (hurd
What fury charm'd your hands to Act a deed,
Tyrants to think on would not weep but bleed?
And Rocks by instinct so resent this Fact,
They'd into Springs of easie tears be slack'd.
O say sons of tumult, since you thought it good,
Still to keep up the trade, and bath in Blood
Your guilty hands, why did you then not state
Your Slaughters at some cheap and common rate?
Your gluttonous and lawless Blades might have
Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave;
And lop'd off thousands of some base alloy,
Whilst the same Sexton that interr'd the r clay,
In the same Urn their names too might intomb;
But when on him you fixt your fatall Doom,
You gave a blow on Nature, since even all
The stock of man now bleeds too in his fall.
Could not Religion which you oft have made
A specious glosse your black designs to shade,
Teach you, that we come near'st Heaven when we
Are

Are suppl'd into Acts of Clemency?
 And copy out the Deity agen,
 When we distill our mercies upon men?
 But why do I deplore this ruine? He
 Only shook off his frail Humanity,
 And with such calmness fell, he seem'd to be
 Even lesse unmov'd and unconcern'd than we;
 And forc'd us from our Throes of Grief to say,
 We only died, he only liv'd that Day:
 So that his tomb is now his Throne become
 'T invest him with the Crown of Martyrdom:
 And death the shade of nature did not shrowd
 His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,
 That who a Star in our Meridian shone,
 In Heaven might shine a Constellation.

Upon the Death of CHARLES
 the First.

Great! Good! and Just! could I but rat
 My griefs, and thy too rigid fate,
 I'd weep the world to such a strain,
 As it should Deluge once again: (plies
 But since thy loud-tongu'd bloud demands sup
 More from *Briareus* hands, than *Argus* eyes,
 I'll sing thy Obsequies, with Trumpet soun's,
 And write thy Epitaph with *Blond* and *wounds*.



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